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## MR. MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.\*

It is a commonplace with some critics that Mr. Morley made a great mistake when he deserted literature for politics. The criticism is not a very profound one, though it is natural on the part of those who, having no sympathy with Mr. Morley's political views, may very well think that he was less likely to do harm as a man of letters than as a man of affairs. Even so, however, it is rather short-sighted. To begin with, it is very doubtful whether the influence of the writer is less than that of the politician. In the second place, Mr. Morley has always been something more than a man of letters. All his serious contributions to literature have been inspired by lofty political ideals. In him the man of letters has always assumed the garb of the political evangelist—the evangelist of a political gospel which is not ours, but which, associated as it is with a literary faculty of rare felicity and power, a breadth of culture rarely attained by

politicians, and a personal character which commands the respect of all his opponents, is and has long been a force to be reckoned with in English public life. Besides, Mr. Morley has never entirely deserted literature for politics; he has brought his political training to bear on literature; witness his admirable studies of Sir Robert Walpole and of Oliver Cromwell, books which abound in wise saws and pregnant reflections that could never have been inspired in the study. They are the fine flower of political experience, ripened in the senate and the marketplace, quickened by the habit of dealing directly with men, and perfected by rare literary skill.

But it is by his "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," just published, that Mr. Morley may claim to be finally judged both as a man of letters and as a man of affairs. There are few forms of literature so difficult to succeed in as biography; there are perhaps none so difficult as political bio-

\* 1. The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. Three volumes. London: Macmillan, 1903.

2. The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By H. W. Paul. London: Smith, Elder, 1901.

3. The Life and Correspondence of the Right

Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, 1827-1896. By his son, Lieut.-Col. Spencer Childers, C.B. Two volumes. London: Murray, 1901.

4. Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce. London: Macmillan, 1903.

raphy; and probably no political biography that ever was written was more difficult to write well than that of Mr. Gladstone. Has Mr. Morley written it well? The answer will generally depend in some measure on the point of view and the political and personal prepossessions of the critic. Those who think that Mr. Gladstone's political aims were mischievous and his political conduct flagitious, who regard him as a time-serving demagogue and hypocrite, driven to tortuous courses by the stings of a restless and overmastering ambition, will hardly approve of a biography which represents him throughout as a statesman inspired by a singularly lofty sense of public duty, a man of profound and unimpeachable piety, measuring and judging all his acts by his own high standard of Christian ethics, and seeking to bring the policy of his country into conformity with the same lofty ideals. But no impartial and competent critic, freeing his mind from prejudices and prepossessions which have too often blinded literary judgments, will hesitate to declare that Mr. Morley has discharged his supremely difficult task with consummate skill and discretion. In all his long and brilliant career as a man of letters, he has seldom, perhaps never, written with a more sustained ethical fervor or a more triumphant literary dexterity, with a shrewder insight into motive and character, a defter adjustment of literary and historical "values," or a more judicious handling of materials. Throughout the work he displays a serene and charitable temper, always seeking to do justice to opponents, never imputing unworthy motives to them, and perhaps only in one case—that of the Special Commission—giving the rein to a *sæva indignatio* which it is permissible alike to a good man to feel and to other good men not to share with him. It would

not be fair to the author to attribute this remarkable freedom from party spirit to the influence of Queen Victoria; but it is only right to record, as Mr. Morley does himself, that, when he applied to her Majesty for the use of certain documents not accessible without her sanction, the Queen, in complying with his request,

"added a message strongly impressing on me that the work I was about to undertake should not be handled in the narrow way of party. This injunction," continues Mr. Morley, "represents my own clear view of the spirit in which the history of a career so memorable as Mr. Gladstone's should be composed. That, to be sure, is not at all inconsistent with our regarding party feeling, in its honorable sense, as entirely the reverse of an infirmity" (Preface, p. vii).

There are three aspects in which Mr. Morley's great work can, and in the long run must, be appreciated—its aspect as a work of literary art; its psychological aspect as a sympathetic appreciation of one of the greatest personalities of his time; its historical aspect as presenting a survey, which must needs be concise without being inadequate, of the long series of political events associated with Mr. Gladstone's career and subjected to his influence. These several aspects are so organically connected in the biographical synthesis that they cannot be wholly dissociated in the critical analysis. No biography which neglects any one of them can be held to attain to the highest order of merit; but, if due allowance be made for Mr. Morley's personal sympathies and political prepossessions, never suppressed and yet never obtruded, we shall hardly place Mr. Morley's biography in any class lower than the first. It is a great portrait of a great man.

The biography is long, even as biographies go now; but its length cannot

be said to be excessive, in view of the unusual duration of Mr. Gladstone's public career, the unparalleled fullness of his life, and the wide range of his interests. It has been said that only a syndicate could write the life of such a man, and only an encyclopædia could contain it. Mr. Morley has accomplished the work single-handed; he has completed it in three years; and he has compressed the results into three volumes. Further than this compression could not profitably go. His words are seldom wasted. They are the distilled essence of documents innumerable, the condensed record of one of the most active and many-sided careers in British history, a brief epitome of more than half a century crowded with great political events, unexampled in social and economic change.

Nevertheless, severely as Mr. Morley has condensed his materials, he retains at all times perfect mastery over them. His biography is no mere bald and jejune calendar of incidents, controversies, or events, but an articulated narrative, well proportioned in its parts, instinct with life and movement, in which the rare but necessary documents to be quoted fall naturally into their places as touches conducive to the completeness of the portrait. In style too the book is admirably suited to its subject. The dominant note is a grave and lofty dignity, but lighter tones are not infrequent; and their introduction is well attuned to the spirit of the whole composition. It abounds in felicitous phrases and well chosen epithets; and there is no lack of those pungent apophthegms and pregnant reflections which bespeak the man of letters who has himself handled great affairs. As a single specimen of Mr. Morley's graver manner we may take his description of the scene on the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill.

Of the chief comrades or rivals of the minister's own generation—the strong administrators, the eager and accomplished debaters, the sagacious leaders—the only survivor now comparable to him in eloquence or in influence was Mr. Bright. That illustrious man seldom came into the House in those distracted days; and on this memorable occasion his stern and noble head was to be seen in dim obscurity. Various as were the emotions in other regions of the House, in one quarter rejoicing was unmixed. There, at least, was no doubt and no misgiving. There, pallid and tranquil, sat the Irish leader, whose hard insight, whose patience, energy, and spirit of command, had achieved this astounding result, and done that which he had vowed to his countrymen that he would assuredly be able to do. On the benches round him, genial excitement rose almost to tumult. Well it might. For the first time since the Union, the Irish case was at last to be pressed in all its force and strength, in every aspect of policy and of conscience, by the most powerful Englishman then alive.

More striking than the audience was the man; more striking than the multitude of eager onlookers from the shore was the rescuer with deliberate valor facing the floods ready to wash him down; the veteran Ulysses who, after more than half a century of combat, service, toll, thought it not too late to try a further "work of noble note." In the hands of such a master of the instrument, the theme might easily have lent itself to one of those displays of exalted passion which the House had marvelled at in more than one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches on the Turkish question, or heard with religious reverence in his speech on the Affirmation Bill in 1883. What the occasion now required was that passion should burn low, and reasoned persuasion hold up the guiding lamp. An elaborate scheme was to be unfolded, an unfamiliar policy to be explained and vindicated. Of that best kind of eloquence which dispenses with declamation, this was a fine and sustained example. There was a deep, rapid, steady, onflowing volume of argument, exposition, exhortation. Every hard or bitter stroke was avoided. Now and again a fervid note thrilled

the ear and lifted all hearts. But political oratory is action, not words—action, character, will, conviction, purpose, personality. As this eager muster of men underwent the enchantment of periods exquisite in their balance and modulation, the compulsion of his flashing glance and animated gesture, what stirred and commanded them was the recollection of national service, the thought of the speaker's mastering purpose, his unflagging resolution and strenuous will, his strength of thew and sinew well tried in long years of resounding war, his unquenched conviction that the just cause can never fail. Few are the heroic moments in our parliamentary politics, but this was one (iii, 311-2).

Even the bitterest adversary of the policy here referred to must acknowledge that this is literary work of the highest order. We may follow it up with a few detached quotations illustrating Mr. Morley's felicities of expression and appreciation, premising at the same time that they lose more than half their effect by being detached from their context. Here, for a first example, is a shrewd attempt to explain the baffling antinomies of Mr. Gladstone's personality.

An illustrious opponent once described him, by way of hitting his singular duality of disposition, as an ardent Italian in the custody of a Scotsman. It is easy to make too much of race, but when we are puzzled by Mr. Gladstone's seeming contrarities of temperament, his union of impulse with caution, of passion with circumspection, of pride and fire with self-control, of Ossianic flight with a steady foothold on the solid earth, we may perhaps find a sort of explanation in thinking of him as a highlander in the custody of a lowlander (i, 18).

Other examples we have noted must, for lack of space, be cited with very little comment. As a rule, however, they speak for themselves. "He soon discovered how hard it is to adjust to the many angles of an English political

party the seamless mantle of ecclesiastical predominance." Is not that an epitome of a certain famous "Chapter of Autobiography"? "There is plenty of evidence, besides Mr. Gladstone's case, that simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect"—a hard saying to those who saw in Mr. Gladstone nothing but a hypocrite, but full of truth and insight nevertheless. "Severer than any battle in Parliament is a long struggle inside a Cabinet"—a pregnant *arcenum imperii* indeed! This, again, of Mr. Gladstone's famous declaration on the franchise in 1864: "One of the fated words had been spoken that gather up the wandering forces of time and occasion and precipitate new eras." Or this in a large-minded apology for the tactics of Disraeli in 1867:—

"We always do best to seek rational explanations in large affairs. . . . The secret of the strange reversal in 1867 of all that had been said, attempted, and done in 1866, would seem to be that the tide of public opinion had suddenly swelled to flood." It is easy, as Mr. Morley says in another context, to label this with the ill-favored name of opportunism. "Yet if an opportunist be defined as a statesman who declines to attempt to do a thing until he believes that it can really be done, what is this but to call him a man of common-sense?"

It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Morley is always successful in defence. Those who blamed Mr. Gladstone's offer in 1874 to do away with the income-tax if the country gave him a majority, Mr. Morley dubs "critics of the peevish school who cry for better bread than can be made of political wheat." He follows up his sally with an enumeration of cases in which other ministers have taken a like course without incurring the same censure. The argument is plausible, but not very cogent, in view of Mr. Gladstone's



own avowal to Lord Granville that he was seeking to discover measures likely "materially to mend the position of the party for an impending election," and that he thought such measures might best be found in the domain of finance. There is a ring of party opportunism about this which ill consorts with a lofty and disinterested statesmanship. At the same time it is clear that income-tax repeal was no desperate expedient hastily adopted by a minister in *extremis*. He had taken the Exchequer into his own hands, and in the previous summer had instituted inquiries which led the officials concerned to surmise that he was nursing some design of dealing with the income-tax. He had, as he records in his diary, communicated his ideas "in deep secrecy" to Mr. Cardwell, and told him they were "based upon the abolition of income-tax and sugar duties, with partial compensation from spirit and death duties." At the end of September he wrote in the diary, "I want eight millions to handle!" "So much," says Mr. Morley, "for the charitable tale that he only bethought him of the income-tax when desperately hunting for a card to play at a general election."

On the Midlothian campaign, Mr. Morley remarks:—

To disparage eloquence is to depreciate mankind; and when men say that Mr. Gladstone and Midlothian were no better than a resplendent mistake, they forget how many objects of our reverence stand condemned by implication in their verdict; they have not thought out how many of the faiths and principles that have been the brightest lamps in the track of human advance they are extinguishing by the same unkind and freezing breath. One should take care lest in quenching the spirit of Midlothian, we leave the sovereign mastery of the world to Machiavelli (II, 594).

We may not all concur in the particu-

lar judgment here pronounced, but its spirit must command the sympathy of all generous minds. So, again, men still differ as to the action of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet in the sinister tragedy of Majuba; but few will withhold their assent from Mr. Morley's scathing censure on the fatal preliminary dawdling which led directly to the catastrophe. "So a fresh page was turned in the story of loitering unwisdom." That we may not have to revert to a painful subject, we may here quote Mr. Morley's final judgment on the whole transaction:—

Some have argued that we ought to have brought up an overwhelming force, to demonstrate that we were able to beat them, before we made peace. Unfortunately, demonstrations of this species easily turn into provocations, and talk of this kind mostly comes from those who believe, not that peace was made in the wrong way, but that a peace giving their country back to the Boers ought never to have been made at all, on any terms or in any way. This was not the point from which either Cabinet or Parliament started. The government had decided that annexation had been an error. The Boers had proposed inquiry. The government assented on condition that the Boers dispersed. Without waiting a reasonable time for a reply, our general was worsted in a rash and trivial attack. Did this cancel our proffered bargain? The point was simple and unmistakable, though party heat at home, race passion in the colony, and our everlasting human proneness to mix up different questions, and to answer one point by arguments that belong to another, all combined to produce a confusion of mind that a certain school of partisans have traded upon ever since. Strange in mighty nations is moral cowardice, disguised as a Roman pride. All the more may we admire the moral courage of the minister. For moral courage may be needed even where aversion to bloodshed fortunately happens to coincide with high prudence and sound policy of state (III, 43, 44).

We presume that Mr. Morley means that "high prudence and sound policy" were displayed in the surrender of 1881. How utterly we disagree with him, it is hardly necessary to remind readers of this Review. But it is not our purpose on this occasion to combat Mr. Morley's opinions; we prefer to give our readers, with as little adverse comment as may be, some notion of his book. Mr. Morley gives a cogent practical reason why the Cabinet were so strongly inclined to come to an understanding on the basis of the Boer overtures made by Kruger before Majuba, but after Colley's reverses at Laing's Nek and the Ingogo River,

Any other decision would have broken up the government, for, on at least one division in the House on Transvaal affairs, Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, along with three other ministers not in the Cabinet, had abstained from voting (iii, 35).

The conclusion is, then, that the interests of the country were sacrificed to the cohesion of the Cabinet.

"Ireland never blows over," is another of Mr. Morley's pregnant comments in recording how other "rising storms" in the Cabinet seemed to have blown over in the late spring of 1885, when the powerful government of 1880 was already tottering to its fall. It had, as Mr. Gladstone said himself, "no moral force behind it." Yet his buoyancy and resource were, as Mr. Morley says, never more wonderful than at this juncture:—

Between the middle of April and the middle of May, he jots down, with half rueful humor, the names of no fewer than nine members of the Cabinet who, within that period, for one reason or another, and at one moment or another, appeared to contemplate resignation; that is to say, a majority. Of one meeting he said playfully to a colleague, "A very fair Cabinet to-day—only three resignations." The large

packets of copious letters of this date, written and received, show him a minister of unalterable patience, unruffled self-command; inexhaustible in resource, catching at every straw from the resource of others, indefatigable in bringing men of divergent opinions within friendly reach of one another; of tireless ingenuity in minimizing differences and convincing recalcitrants that what they took for a yawning gulf was, in fact, no more than a narrow trench that any decent political gymnast ought to be ashamed not to be able to vault over (iii, 185).

"The point-blank is not for all occasions, and only a simpleton can think otherwise"—this of the ambiguities and obscurities of Mr. Gladstone's utterances during the election of 1885. "You need greater qualities" (said Cardinal De Retz) "to be a good party leader than to be emperor of the universe. Ireland is not that part of the universe in which this is the least true"—this of Parnell's leadership in 1885 and of Ireland's acceptance of it. It may here be noted that a confidential draft of the first Home Rule Bill was entrusted to Parnell before its introduction, with permission to communicate it to a few of his colleagues, accompanied by a solemn warning against premature divulgence.

The draft (says Mr. Morley) was duly returned, and not a word leaked out. Some time afterwards Mr. Parnell recalled the incident to me. "Three of the men to whom I showed the draft were newspaper men, and they were poor men, and any newspaper would have given them a thousand pounds for it. No very wonderful virtue, you may say. But how many of your House of Commons would believe it?" (iii, 320).

"No reformer" (says Mr. Morley) "is fit for his task who suffers himself to be frightened off by the excesses of an extreme wing"—this of Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the

"plan of campaign." It seems to go nearer to "the standards of Machiavel" than is Mr. Morley's wont, or than quite befits his estimate of Mr. Gladstone's lofty and uncompromising love of righteousness.

There is no solution of the problem of Mr. Gladstone's character and personality to be found in any compact or simple formula. We may call him hypocrite or saint, according as we judge him harshly or kindly. We may contrast Lord Salisbury's "a great Christian statesman" with Kinglake's earlier and less generous judgment, "a good man—a good man in the worst sense of the word"; or, if in cynical mood, we may combine the two estimates. Mr. Bryce says, in the loyal estimate of his former chief included in his "Biographical Studies": "That he was possessed of boundless energy and brilliant eloquence all are agreed; but agreement went no further." We must, however, demur to the latter clause. We should have thought that agreement went at least so far as to acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone was really a great man—great in intellectual power, great in moral enthusiasm, however misapplied sometimes, great in parliamentary aptitude and resource, great in more than one department of political effort and achievement, even if all his more questionable enterprises be left out of the account or reckoned on the adverse side. It is true that, like all great men of action, and perhaps in larger measure than most, he was gifted with rare powers of self-persuasion—with a faith in his own judgment and rectitude of purpose which was seldom shared by his critics, and not always by his friends. "The right honorable gentleman," said Mr. Forster on a memorable occasion, "can persuade most people of most things; he can persuade himself of almost anything." He was undoubtedly

convinced, as Cromwell was—and it is not the only point of likeness between him and Cromwell—that he was the man to save the country; and in such men it is not always easy, for themselves or for others, to distinguish between personal ambition and the highest and most disinterested motives. It is just the combination of these impulses that, in a sense, constitutes, or largely contributes to, their greatness.

Mr. Bryce goes on to say that

"one section of the nation accused him of sophistry, of unwisdom, of a want of patriotism, of a lust for power;" while "the other section not only repelled these charges, but admired in him a conscientiousness and a moral enthusiasm such as no political leader has shown for centuries" (p. 411).

There is perhaps no complete reconciliation of these conflicting judgments, none, at least, for a generation which knew Mr. Gladstone in the flesh, and still burns either with enthusiasm or with indignation. Lord Rosebery says of the Irish question that it has never passed into history because it has never passed out of politics. So we may say of Mr. Gladstone that he too cannot yet pass into history because he has not yet passed out of politics. Midlothian, Majuba, Kilmainham, Khartoum, the surrender to Parnell, the conversion to Home Rule—there is passion, partisanship, and fierce contention still glowing in the very words. Whether we study the spirited biography of Mr. Herbert Paul—the work of an avowed Gladstonian, but fairly impartial, as befits the neutral pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in which it first appeared—or the sympathetic but critical analysis of Mr. Bryce, or the more labored and copious, but withal temperate and reasoned *apologia* of Mr. Morley, we still feel that the time is not yet for a final and judicial closing of the bitter con-

troversies which such a character and such a career provoked in such abundance. Nevertheless it is only a man still heated with the passions of by-gone conflicts that can now seriously question Mr. Gladstone's fundamental sincerity and uprightness, or doubt that, in whatever walk of life his lot had been cast, his strenuous industry, his amazing versatility, and his commanding intellectual powers, must have brought him to the top.

"I should like to know," cried Huxley, when he met him casually at Darwin's house, "what would keep such a man as that back. Why, put him in the middle of a moor, with nothing in the world but his shirt, and you could not prevent him being anything he liked" (II, 562).

And Huxley, as Mr. Morley says, was as far as possible from being a Gladstonian. Indeed he is reported later as saying, "Here is a man with the greatest intellect in Europe, and yet he debases it by simply following majorities and the crowd." Did he? It is a digression here to give Mr. Morley's comment on this pungent expression of a very general opinion, but we may cite it as showing that there is at least something to be said on the other side.

All this is the exact opposite of the truth. What he thought was that the statesman's gift consisted in insight into the facts of a particular era, disclosing the existence of material for forming public opinion and directing public opinion to a given purpose. In every one of his achievements of high mark—even in his last marked failure of achievement—he expressly formed, or endeavored to form and create, the public opinion upon which he knew that in the last resort he must depend.

We have seen the triumph of 1853. Did he, in renewing the most hated of taxes, run about anxiously feeling the pulse of public opinion? On the contrary, he grappled with the facts with infinite labor—and half his genius was labor; he built up a great plan; he

carried it to the Cabinet; they warned him that the House of Commons would be against him; the officials of the Treasury told him the Bank would be against him; that a strong press of commercial interests would be against him. Like the bold and sinewy athlete that he always was, he stood to his plan; he carried the Cabinet; he persuaded the House of Commons; he vanquished the bank and the hostile interests; and, in the words of Sir Stafford Northcote, he changed and turned, for many years to come, a current of public opinion that seemed far too powerful for any minister to resist. In the tempestuous discussions during the seventies on the policy of this country in respect of the Christian races of the Balkan Peninsula, he with his own voice created, moulded, inspired, and kindled with resistless flame the whole of the public opinion that eventually guided the policy of the nation, with such admirable effect both for its own fame and for the good of the world. Take again the Land Act of 1881, in some ways the most deep-reaching of all his legislative achievements. Here he had no flowing tide; every current was against him. He carried his scheme against the ignorance of the country, against the prejudice of the country, and against the standing prejudices of both branches of the legislature, who were steeped from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot in the strictest doctrines of contract.

Then his passion for economy, his ceaseless war against public profusion, his insistence upon rigorous keeping of the national accounts—in this great department of affairs he led and did not follow. In no sphere of his activities was he more strenuous, and in no sphere, as he must well have known, was he less likely to win popularity. For democracy is spendthrift; if, to be sure, we may not say that most forms of government are apt to be the same (III, 536-7).

On Gladstone's passion for economy we shall have something to say presently. Here we revert to the consideration of his more general characteristics. Apart altogether from politics, he

was a deeply-read theologian, albeit of a rather belated type; an ecclesiastical thinker of large outlook, though curiously out of touch with the movement of the modern world; a ripe scholar, though no scientific humanist; an ardent lover of letters, who had formed his taste on Homer and Dante, and who, though he read vastly, seldom read without purpose and profit. He was also a vigorous and versatile writer on many topics, as none know better than the conductors of this Review.<sup>1</sup> Though his occasional writings were of very unequal power and felicity, yet they occasionally rise almost to the level of his own consummate oratory. Withal he was a most painstaking, indefatigable, and intrepid man of business, as is shown by the story, hitherto known to few, which is told by Mr. Morley in his chapter on the Hawarden estate.

In connection with this subject, it must suffice to say that he found the estate deeply and almost hopelessly encumbered by hazardous and unsuccessful mining and manufacturing operations affecting an outlying portion of it in Staffordshire. The whole estate was in consequence burdened with a charge of 250,000*l.*, leaving its beneficial owner, Sir Stephen Glynne, with no margin to live upon. Mr. Gladstone was, by the terms of his marriage settlement, implicated in the catastrophe, and for five years at least he "threw himself with the whole weight of his untiring energy and force into this far-spreading entanglement." The Hawarden estate was cleared in the end, but not without great sacrifices, nor without his pledging his own fortune on it to the extent of no less than 267,000*l.* Yet of all this immense labor and sustained personal sacrifice the

world at large has scarcely heard a word. Let us add that his private charities and benefactions, known only to himself, amounted to upwards of 70,000*l.* between 1831 and 1890, and that before his death a sum of over 13,000*l.* more was added to the total; and, to complete the chapter of Mr. Gladstone's dealings with his own conscience out of the sight of men and even in defiance of all worldly opinion, let us quote Mr. Morley's account of the life-long mission of mercy which has so often been used to sully his personal repute in the loose and irresponsible gossip of the town.

On his first entry upon the field of responsible life, he had formed a serious and solemn engagement with a friend—I suppose it was Hope-Scott—that each would devote himself to active service in some branch of religious work. He could not, without treason to his gifts, go forth like Selwyn or Patteson to Melanesia to convert the savages. He sought a missionary field at home, and he found it among the unfortunate ministers to "the great sin of great cities." In these humane efforts at reclamation he persevered all through his life, fearless of misconstruction, fearless of the levity or baseness of men's tongues, regardless almost of the possible mischiefs to the public policies that depended on him. Greville tells the story how, in 1853, a man made an attempt one night to extort money from Mr. Gladstone, then in office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, by threats of exposure; and how he instantly gave the offender into custody, and met the case at the police office. Greville could not complete the story. The man was committed for trial. Mr. Gladstone directed his solicitors to see that the accused was properly defended. He was convicted and sent to prison. By and by Mr. Gladstone inquired from the governor of the prison how the delinquent was

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Morley refers to some of his political contributions to the *Quarterly Review* made at a time when his political views were in sympathy with ours; but he was a not infrequent contributor of articles, non-political in character,

at a later period in his career. Some of these were reprinted in his "Gleanings." They are not without biographical value as showing the bent of his mind and thought.



conducting himself. The report being satisfactory, he next wrote to Lord Palmerston, then at the Home Office, asking that the prisoner should be let out. There was no worldly wisdom in it, we all know. But then what are people Christians for? (iii, 419).

These are some leading features of Mr. Gladstone's personal character and private life, apart from his career as a public man. There are in this portrait, at any rate, no dark or doubtful lineaments, and, did space permit, we could quote passage after passage to heighten the picture of his laborious, high-minded, and conscientious persistence in the profitable use of rare and high gifts, and in the scrupulous discharge of all the duties imposed on him by life and its circumstances. Nevertheless, it was a pre-established harmony between his best gifts and the proper field for their employment that made him a politician. He might have been anything, as Huxley said. But unless he had followed his early and rather *schürmerisch* impulse to take orders, it is certain that in any civil walk of life he must have gravitated sooner or later to politics. He was essentially a man of action, although he was a great deal more, and had several qualities, gifts, and even failings which are seldom found so highly developed in men of action of the class to which he belonged. Mr. Morley puts all this very well in his opening pages.

It is true that what interests the world in Mr. Gladstone is even more what he was than what he did; his brilliancy, charm, and power; the endless surprises; his dualism or more than dualism; his vicissitudes of opinion; his subtleties of mental progress; his strange union of qualities never elsewhere found together; his striking unlikeness to other men in whom great and free nations have for long periods placed their trust. . . . Some may think in this connection that I have

made the preponderance of politics excessive in the story of a genius of signal versatility, to whom politics were only one interest among many. . . . Yet, after all, it was to his thoughts, his purposes, his ideals, his performances as statesman, in all the widest significance of that lofty and honorable designation, that Mr. Gladstone owes the lasting substance of his fame. His life was ever "*greatly absorbed*," he said, "*in working the institutions of his country*." Here we mark a signal trait. Not for two centuries, since the historic strife of Anglican and Puritan, had our island produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was paramount in the like degree. He was not only a political force but a moral force. He strove to use all the powers of his own genius and the powers of the state for moral purposes and religious. Nevertheless, his mission in all its forms was action. He had none of that detachment, often found among superior minds, which we honor for its disinterestedness, even while we lament its impotence in result. The track in which he moved, the instruments that he employed, were the track and the instruments, the sword and the trowel, of political action; and what is called the Gladstonian era was distinctively a political era (i, 2, 3).

Moreover, he was a great orator; and oratory in these days is more potent in the senate and the market-place than it is even in the pulpit. As an orator he was, at least in some respects, unequalled by any contemporary. Bright had greater majesty, perhaps; his language was more nervous and concise; but his range was far narrower. His was the eloquence of the set speech, elaborately prepared and often for the most part carefully written down. The famous "angel of death" passage was a flight beyond the power even of Mr. Gladstone's wings. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was often at his best when most unprepared. He was often nervous (he told a friend) when opening a de-

bate, never in reply. His playful improvisations, when he drew upon the genial stores of his memory to enliven a passing issue or merely to show how charming he could be when he chose, were inimitable. Equally unrivalled was his command of all the resources of lucid exposition, of serious and purposeful pleading, of lofty and impassioned appeal.

But in truth the secret of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence is that it was essentially the oratory of the spoken word. Few, if any, of his speeches will ever be read by posterity as we still read the speeches of Demosthenes or of Cicero, of Burke or of Sheridan, of Macaulay or even of Bright. But if oratory be persuasion, the instant and incessant interchange of sympathy between a speaker and his audience, the magic swaying of a multitude or the irresistible enchantment of a senate, then assuredly was Mr. Gladstone one of the greatest of orators. No one who has not seen and heard the great chanter at work can now form the slightest idea how enthralling were his spells. It was a dangerous gift, and was often used, as many thought and think, to make the worse appear the better reason. But, even if we put aside altogether every question and occasion about which controversy still rages, there remains in the memory and the records of those who heard him, a large residue of truly noble rhetoric, of lucid and fascinating exposition, of stirring encouragement to the pursuit of great enterprises and high ideals, such as few orators have rivalled, and still fewer surpassed. But the orator, like the actor, lives only in the recollection of those who heard and saw him—for seeing in both cases is quite as important as hearing; nor is any man a great orator who has not many of the gifts of a great actor—his command of gesture, his variety and grace of elocution, his mobility of

feature, his instant sympathy with the ethical tone of this or that situation, his power of evoking that sympathy in every member of his audience; and this is surely what Demosthenes meant by making *ὑπόκρισις*—acting, not action—the secret of all oratory. In this sense Mr. Gladstone was every inch an actor. But all this is essentially evanescent. The living orator departs; nothing but a pale *simulacrum* survives in the written word. Yet the memory of those who saw and heard him in the flesh can still bring back to us something of the vanished soul and spirit. And since Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley both enjoyed that privilege, and both select Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Affirmation Bill as one of the most impressive of his later efforts, both describing it in very similar language, we will take Mr. Morley's account of it as a typical illustration of that kind of oratory in which Mr. Gladstone was supreme.

The speech proved one of his greatest. Imposing, lofty, persuasive, sage, it would have been, from whatever lips it might have fallen; it was signal indeed as coming from one so fervid, so definite, so unfaltering in a faith of his own, one who had started from the opposite pole to that great civil principle of which he now displayed a grasp invincible. . . . These high themes of faith, on the one hand, and freedom on the other, exactly fitted the range of the thoughts in which Mr. Gladstone habitually lived. . . . I wonder, too, if there has been a leader in Parliament since the seventeenth century, who could venture to address it in the strain of the memorable passage now to be transcribed:—

"You draw your line at the point where the abstract denial of God is severed from the abstract admission of the Deity. My proposition is that the line thus drawn is worthless, and that much on your side of the line is as objectionable as the athelism on the other. If you call upon us to make distinctions, let them at least be rational; I do not say let them be Christian dis-

tinctions, but let them be rational. I can understand one rational distinction, that you should frame the oath in such a way as to recognize not only the existence of the Deity, but the providence of the Deity, and man's responsibility to the Deity; and in such a way as to indicate the knowledge in a man's own mind that he must answer to the Deity for what he does, and is able to do. . . . Many of the members of this House will recollect the majestic and noble lines—

Omnis enim per se divom natura necesse est  
 Immortali aevo summa cum pace fruat,  
 Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.  
 Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
 Ipsa suls pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
 Nee bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

"Divinity exists—according to these, I must say, magnificent lines—in remote and inaccessible recesses; but with us it has no dealing, of us it has no need, with us it has no relation! I do not hesitate to say that the specific evil, the specific form of irreligion, with which, in the educated society of this country, you have to contend, and with respect to which you ought to be on your guard, is not blank atheism. That is a rare opinion, very rarely met with; but what is frequently met with is that form of opinion which would teach us that, whatever may be beyond the visible things of this world, whatever there may be beyond this short span of life, you know and you can know nothing of it, and that it is a bootless undertaking to attempt to establish relations with it. That is the mischief of the age, and that mischief you do not attempt to touch."

The House, though but few perhaps recollected their Lucretius, or had ever even read him, sat, as I well remember, with reverential stillness, hearkening, from this born master of moving cadence and high sustained modulation, to "the rise and long roll of the hexameter"—to the plangent lines that have come down across the night of time to us from great Rome (iii, 18-20).

We cannot attempt to discuss all the elements of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary personality, nor can we consider all the debatable points in his long and extraordinary career. We are not concerned to raise controversial issues, except so far as they invite discussion of a strictly historical nature in the light of facts hitherto unknown or of circumstances hitherto unconsidered. Our own opinions on many of the questions raised by Mr. Gladstone's career are well known, and they remain unaltered. But candor requires us to do justice to Mr. Morley's defence of policies which are still odious to us, and of acts of Mr. Gladstone's which, however well intentioned, we still regard as misguided and impolitic.

Want of space forbids us to discuss those distracted wanderings of Mr. Gladstone in search of a party in the fifties, in the tracing of which Mr. Morley himself, with all his lucidity and candor, sometimes seems almost to lose the thread. That is a history in itself; and, like all histories of the breaking up and remaking of parties, it is a bewildering story of currents and counter-currents, of personal affinities and animosities, of conflicting impulses and aspirations, a very maze of political casuistry and confusion through which the supersensitive conscience of Mr. Gladstone and his supersubtle intellect were certain to take him by paths which seemed tortuous and were assuredly hard to follow. We know not whether Mr. Gladstone's own apology for his political changes, uttered in conversation with Mr. Morley in 1891, may be taken to cover this period of his career; but, if so, it is rather a scanty garment.

I think I can truly put all the change that has come into my politics into a sentence. I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty; I learned to believe in it. That is the key to all my changes.

To pass over this period of Mr. Gladstone's life also involves the exclusion of the Crimean War and Mr. Gladstone's share in it, though no one who seeks to understand Mr. Gladstone thoroughly can afford to neglect this episode in his career. But we must not attempt to enumerate all our exclusions, lest the fascination of the subject should beguile us into the discussion of the excluded topics one by one.

Most persons would say that Mr. Gladstone's triumphs, or, at any rate, the least questionable of them, were achieved in the domain of finance. We do not dispute this judgment, so far as constructive policy is concerned, nor yet in regard to the boldness of his measures and his unrivalled felicity in expounding them. Yet it is no paradox to say, as Mr. Morley says in speaking of his first budget, that he was a financier almost by accident. It was by no choice of his own that he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the government of Lord Aberdeen; and it was even against his own inclination that he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade when he joined Peel's government in 1841. When Peel offered him this post, he said: "It is right that I should say, as strongly as I can, that I am not fit for it. I have no general knowledge of trade." He regarded with an equal sense of his unfitness any post connected with the services; but he records later that "the idea of the Irish secretaryship had nestled in my mind." Peel had entertained that idea too, but he had rejected it in deference to "some considerations connected with the Presbyterians of Ireland"; and so Mr. Gladstone went, not very willingly, to the Board of Trade. "In a spirit of ignorant mortification, I said to myself at the moment, the science of politics deals with the government of men, but I am set to govern packages." But it was there that he learnt to govern men, or at

least to understand and handle some of the most potent springs of their activity; and the knowledge he acquired at the Board of Trade was perfected and sharpened by his five years' immersion in the affairs of the Hawarden estate. It is, by the way, an early illustration of administrative inefficiency in this country that, when Mr. Gladstone advanced his ignorance of trade as a disqualification, Peel replied: "I think you will find Lord Ripon a perfect master of these subjects." Lord Ripon, it will be remembered, was Disraeli's "transient and embarrassed phantom." What Mr. Gladstone actually did find was that "in a very short time I came to form a low estimate of the knowledge and information of Lord Ripon." He also found quickly enough that a knowledge of trade was no bad equipment for the government of men. Mr. Morley shall tell the story and point the moral.

It was upon Mr. Gladstone that the burden of the immense achievement of the new tariff fell; and the toll was huge. He used afterwards to say that he had been concerned in four revisions of the tariff, in 1842, 1845, 1853, and 1860, and that the first of them cost six times as much trouble as the other three put together. He spoke one hundred and twenty-nine times during the session. He had only once sat on a committee of trade, and had only once spoken on a purely trade question during the nine years of his parliamentary life. All his habits of thought and action had been cast in a different mould. It is ordinarily assumed that he was a born financier, endowed besides with a gift of idealism and the fine training of a scholar. As a matter of fact, it was the other way; he was a man of high practical and moral imagination, with an understanding made accurate by strength of grasp and incomparable power of rapid and concentrated apprehension, yoked to finance only by force of circumstance—a man who would have made a shining and effective figure in whatever path

of great public affairs, whether ecclesiastical or secular, duty might have called for his exertions (l, 255).

"In whatever path of great public affairs duty might call for his exertions." Another path of public affairs in which, for a short and troubled period, duty did call for his exertions, was the Colonial Office. Did he there show himself a "Little Englander"? His tenure of office was short, and he had no seat in Parliament at the time; but his views on colonial policy were recorded in 1855, at a time when he had not long ceased to be a colleague of Sir William Molesworth—that sturdy Imperialist before his time.

Govern them upon a principle of freedom. Defend them against aggression from without. Regulate their foreign relations. These things belong to the colonial connection. But of the duration of that connection let them be the judges, and I predict that, if you leave them the freedom of judgment, it is hard to say when the day will come when they will wish to separate from the great name of England. Depend upon it, they covet a share in that great name. You will find in that feeling of theirs the greatest security for the connection. Make the name of England yet more and more an object of desire to the Colonies. Their natural disposition is to love and revere the name of England, and this reverence is by far the best security you can have for their continuing, not only to be subjects of the Crown, not only to render it allegiance, but to render it that allegiance which is the most precious of all—the allegiance which proceeds from the depths of the heart of man. You have seen various colonies, some of them lying at the antipodes, offering to you their contributions to assist in supporting the wives and families of your soldiers, the heroes that have fallen in the war. This, I venture to say, may be said, without exaggeration, to be among the first fruits of that system upon which, within the last twelve or fifteen years, you have

founded a rational mode of administering the affairs of your Colonies without gratuitous interference (l, 363-4).

He was never at the Foreign Office; and perhaps most people would say that it was well for the country and the empire that he was not. We shall not gainsay the judgment, though it might well be argued that an early initiation into the *arcana* of continental politics, such as experience at the Foreign Office would have given a man of his commanding aptitude for affairs, might have saved him from some of the worst of those miscarriages of foreign policy which so often seemed to dog his governments like a spectre. Lord Granville was his Foreign Secretary until he was succeeded by Lord Rosebery; and Lord Granville was not a strong man, nor had he the untiring industry of his chief. But Mr. Gladstone held, as Peel had held, and as Grey had held before him, though Melbourne had weakened the salutary tradition, that the conduct of foreign affairs belongs almost as much to the Prime Minister as it does to the Foreign Secretary himself. For this reason the foreign policy of his several governments belongs to his biographical record, and must submit to be judged by the impartial tribunal of history. What verdict will it render?

We are still too near his time for a final judgment on all points, but this, perhaps, may even now be said, without provoking serious dispute, that, in spite of Majuba, on which we have said all that needs to be said here, and in spite of Khartoum, on which we shall have something to say presently, in spite of the vacillations and blunders of his policy in Egypt, in spite of the disrepute into which his general scheme of foreign policy has fallen, Mr. Gladstone must be credited with two notable achievements, of which the full and final consequences are not



even yet exhausted. He restored the European Concert, which had been shattered by the Cyprus Convention; and by its agency, in the teeth of innumerable difficulties and obstacles, without breach of the peace, and without open rupture of the Concert—though some of its performers only stayed in the orchestra on the understanding that they were not to play the tune—he brought the present Sultan to his knees. He is, perhaps, the only statesman in Europe who has ever done this; and at this juncture it is worth while to remember how he did it. Again, by means of the Washington Treaty and the Geneva Arbitration, he settled the Alabama dispute, and thereby removed the most serious obstacle to a close and cordial understanding between this country and the United States. It was a great thing to do; and it was not done without loss of credit at the time. No great things ever are done in this world unless men are prepared to make some politic surrender of pride, temper, it may be of dignity, though never of honor, for the sake of doing them.

"It is," as Mr. Morley says in another connection, "one of the commonest of all secrets of cheap misjudgment in human affairs, to start by assuming that there is always some good way out of a bad case."

It must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that Mr. Gladstone made one great mistake in his treatment of American affairs—a mistake seldom censured, however, by those who were hardest on his foreign policy in general—when he declared at Newcastle in 1862 that Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South had "made a nation." It was a gratuitous mistake and a grievous one—gratuitous, because it was no part of his business as a subordinate minister to touch upon questions of the utmost delicacy;

and grievous, because a single word uttered at that juncture, apparently with the authority of the government, might have caused the quivering balance of public opinion in this country to incline towards an awful catastrophe. "It is, however," as Mr. Morley says and shows, "superfluous for any of us at this day to pass judgment." Mr. Gladstone has passed judgment on himself. In a fragmentary note, written so late as 1896, he frankly acknowledges his error, and atones for it by the fulness of his acknowledgment.

I have yet to record an undoubted error, the most singular and palpable, I may add the least excusable of them all, especially since it was committed so late as in the year 1862, when I had outlived half a century. . . . I declared in the heat of the American struggle that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, that is to say, that the division of the American Republic by the establishment of a Southern or secession state was an accomplished fact. Strange to say, this declaration, most unwarrantable to be made by a Minister of the Crown, with no authority other than his own, was not due to any feeling of partisanship for the South or hostility to the North. The fortunes of the South were at their zenith. Many who wished well to the Northern cause despaired of its success. The friends of the North in England were beginning to advise that it should give way, for the avoidance of further bloodshed and greater calamity. I weakly supposed that the time had come when respectful suggestions of this kind, founded on the necessity of the case, were required by a spirit of that friendship which, in so many contingencies of life, has to offer sound recommendations with a knowledge that they will not be popular. Not only was this a misjudgment of the case, but, even if it had been otherwise, I was not the person to make the declaration. I really, though most strangely, believed that it was an act of friendliness to all America to recog-

nize that the struggle was virtually at an end. I was not one of those who, on the ground of British interests, desired a division of the American Union. My view was distinctly opposite. I thought that, while the Union continued, it never could exercise any dangerous pressure upon Canada to estrange it from the empire—our honor, as I thought, rather than our interest, forbidding its surrender. But were the Union split, the North, no longer checked by the jealousies of slave-power, would seek a partial compensation for its loss in annexing, or trying to annex, British North America. Lord Palmerston desired the severance as a diminution of a dangerous power, but prudently held his tongue.

That my opinion was founded on a false estimate of the facts was the very least part of my fault. I did not perceive the gross impropriety of such an utterance from a Cabinet Minister of a power allied in blood and language, and bound to loyal neutrality; the case being further exaggerated by the fact that we were already, so to speak, under indictment before the world for not (as was alleged) having strictly enforced the laws of neutrality in the matter of the cruisers. My offence was indeed only a mistake, but one of incredible grossness, and with such consequences of offence and alarm attached to it, that my failing to perceive them justly exposed me to very severe blame. It illustrates vividly that incapacity which my mind so long retained, and perhaps still exhibits, an incapacity of viewing subjects all round, in their extraneous as well as in their internal properties, and thereby of knowing when to be silent and when to speak (II, 81-2).

The really great blots on Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy have always been held to be the muddle in Egypt and the tragedy of Khartoum. How do they appear now in the light of what Mr. Morley has to say and to tell? "Extenuating circumstances" is probably the nearest approach to a verdict of acquittal that even Mr. Morley would claim; and it is more than

doubtful whether even that plea will be accepted now by any who did not adopt it at the time. It is true, no doubt, that the Egyptian question was one of the most difficult that an English ministry has ever had to handle; that there were many divergent views in the Cabinet—we know that Bright resigned when Alexandria was bombarded—and that vacillation of policy, distraction in counsel, and incoherence in action, were certain in that case to ensue. One thing is clear, however. The muddle in Egypt was assuredly no result, as was often alleged at the time, of Mr. Gladstone's imperious will, combined with what his critics held to be his native incapacity for the handling of foreign affairs. It is probable that there would have been far less muddle if Mr. Gladstone's will had been more imperious than it was.

"In common talk and in partisan speeches," says Mr. Morley, "the Prime Minister was regarded as dictatorial and imperious. The complaint of some, at least, among his colleagues in the Cabinet of 1880 was rather that he was not imperious enough. Almost from the first, he too frequently allowed himself to be overruled; often in secondary matters, it is true, but sometimes also in matters on the uncertain frontier between secondary and primary. Then he adopted a practice of taking votes and counting numbers, of which more than one old hand complained as an innovation. Lord Granville said to him in 1886, 'I think you too often counted noses in your last Cabinet'" (III, 5).

Sir William Harcourt told the House of Commons the same thing at the time of his death:—

I have heard men who knew him not at all, who have asserted that the supremacy of his genius and the weight of his authority oppressed and overbore those who lived with him and those who worked under him. Nothing could be more untrue. Of all chiefs he was the least exacting.

Nevertheless, a Prime Minister is, after all, a Prime Minister. If he chooses to count noses and to defer to the shifting opinions of colleagues less wise than himself, he must bear the blame of the distracted counsels that are sure to ensue.

Very much the same thing must be said of the tragedy of Khartoum. But here, by a curious irony of fate and circumstance, Mr. Gladstone was more than once disabled by indisposition at critical moments, and thereby debarred from making his will prevail, even if he had wished to do so. The expedition of Hicks Pasha should have been forbidden. This was the root of all the evil; and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Gladstone was not a fully consenting party to this "capital miscalculation," as Mr. Morley frankly calls it. The Cabinet ought to have seen that a door must be open or shut; and the flimsy plea that they could not shatter the Egyptian government will impose on no one now, though in Mr. Gladstone's dexterous hands it did good apologetic work at the time. The next step in the fatal business was the sending of troops to Suakin; and here Mr. Gladstone stood alone in his Cabinet in objecting to it. When this led to miscarriage and defeat, the cry arose that Gordon should be sent out. There were hesitations in many quarters, as well there might be; but the country was getting into what Mr. Morley calls "one of its high idealizing humors." Gordon was accordingly despatched in a highly dramatic, we had almost said in a melodramatic, fashion, Mr. Gladstone, who was at Hawarden, consenting, but taking no personal part in the hasty consultations which led to his mission. So it fell out that the most romantic adventure in modern English politics was directly initiated by Lord Hartington, the least romantic of modern English statesmen.

"Gordon's policies," says Mr. Morley,

"were many and very mutable." His original instructions were practically drafted by himself, and he repudiated them almost before the ink was dry upon them. Of this there is no doubt whatever, though Mr. Morley's generous apology is valid.

"Viewing the frightful embarrassments that enveloped him, we cannot wonder. Still," he adds, "the same consideration that is always so bounteously and so justly extended to the soldier in the field, is no less due in its measure to the councillor in the Cabinet. This is a bit of equity often much neglected both by contemporaries and by history" (iii, 155).

We need not enumerate all the several policies successively recommended by Gordon as alternatives to his original instructions. His recall was more than once debated by the Cabinet; and matters finally came to an issue over his proposal that Zobeir Pasha, a slave-dealer and partisan leader, whose son Gordon had caused to be shot, should be appointed his successor as Governor-General of the Soudan, and entrusted with the task of withdrawing the outlying Egyptian garrisons. It was a startling proposal, though Zobeir was known to be a man of great military capacity and great personal ascendancy. Mr. Gladstone was for accepting it; and so too was the Queen. But the Cabinet would have none of it, feeling convinced that the House of Commons would veto it. Mr. Gladstone was again confined to his room, though the Cabinet met in his house. "One of the ministers went to see him in his bed, and they conversed for two hours. The minister, on his return, reported, with some ironic amusement, that Mr. Gladstone considered it very likely that they could not bring Parliament to swallow Zobeir, but believed that he himself could." At one time it seemed as if Zobeir would be sent by the casting vote of the Prime Min-

ister. But two of his colleagues receded from their ground, and he gave way—nothing of the imperious will here at any rate. Thenceforward the catastrophe was inevitable. It was certain that Gordon would not carry out the purposes entrusted to him by the Cabinet if he could, and could not if he would. As he could no longer be recalled, public opinion, “now in one of its high idealizing humors,” would insist on his not being repudiated or abandoned. A relief expedition became necessary; and for the fatal delays which stamped “too late” on its enterprises the military authorities seem to have been not less responsible than the politicians. The tragedy was played out to its bitter end. Mr. Gladstone himself composed its sorry epilogue. In 1890 he wrote:—

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Jan. 10, 1890.—In the Gordon case we all, and I rather prominently, must continue to suffer in silence. Gordon was a hero, and a hero of heroes; but we ought to have known that a hero of heroes is not the proper person to give effect at a distant point, and in most difficult circumstances, to the views of ordinary men. It was unfortunate that he should claim the hero's privilege by turning upside down and inside out every idea and intention with which he had left England, and for which he had obtained our approval. Had my views about Zobeir prevailed, it would not have removed our difficulties, as Forster would certainly have moved and, with the Tories and the Irish, have carried a condemnatory address. My own opinion is that it is harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him, than our not doing more. Had the party reached Khartoum in time, he would not have come away (as I suppose), and the dilemma would have arisen in another form (III, 168-9).

Extenuating circumstances there were, no doubt; there always are. But statesmanship is a higher art than that of keeping the peace within a Cabinet;

and we cannot forget that evening visit to the theatre.

Mr. Gladstone never held a post in the department of either of the services. Here, again, we may say with confidence that it would have been better for his own fame, and for the welfare of his country, if he had. He never understood the problem of defence, least of all that of naval defence; and he seemed to think it quite natural that the Admiralty should be required to cut its coat according to the cloth served out to it by the Treasury. His passion for economy he had inherited from Peel. But Peel, though a rigid economist, was much more in touch with the services, and much more keen for their efficiency than Mr. Gladstone ever was. Peel had Wellington for colleague and mentor; he was vigilant in keeping the departments up to the mark; and in writing to Wellington in 1844 he laid down the unimpeachable principle that “whatever be the state of our finances, it will be true economy as well as true policy not to leave certain vital interests unprotected.” Very different was Mr. Gladstone's method. Economy with him was an end in itself. To security he never seems to have given a thought. He was accidentally right in resisting Palmerston's craze for fortifications, because that was founded on a radically vicious theory of defence. But he resisted it on abstract and quite irrelevant grounds of economy, not by opposing a sound theory of defence to an unsound one; and he would have done just the same had Palmerston proposed an equivalent expenditure on mobile naval force. He sent Mr. Childers to the Admiralty with a mandate to cut down the estimates, and he armed him with an Order in Council which dislodged the sea-lords from the position they occupied under the Admiralty patent, and made the First Lord supreme. This Order in Council

still survives side by side with the patent; but the incompatibility of the two instruments, the larger prescriptive authority of the older one, the spirit of Admiralty administration, the native capacity of naval officers to get the best work out of tools not of the best, and, above all, the wise policy pursued by successive First Lords, more especially by Lord Spencer, Lord Goschen, and Lord Selborne, have all combined to make it of little or no effect. It must be said too, in justice to Mr. Childers, that the reforms and reductions effected by him did not, as is clearly shown in his biography, impair the effective of the Fleet as measured by the standards of those days.

But if retrenchment could have been had in no other way, Mr. Gladstone's whole attitude towards the problem of defence must be taken as proof that he would have insisted on getting it in that way. Every one knows the story of Lord Palmerston's drawer full of Mr. Gladstone's resignations on the score of expenditure. In a letter written to his wife in 1865, he records how he has had "no effective or broad support" in the Cabinet in his opposition to the navy estimates, and how the estimates are "always settled at the dagger's point." It was a conflict over the estimates which brought about the dissolution of 1874. Again, Mr. Morley states plainly, what has long been suspected by many, that the time and occasion of his final resignation in 1894 were really determined, not by the considerations, sufficient in themselves but not imperative at the moment, which alone could be avowed at the time, but by his insuperable objection to the navy estimates proposed by Lord Spencer, and accepted by a majority of his colleagues. In this, at any rate, he was consistent—fatally consistent—to the last. "What would be said," he asked, "of my active participation in a policy that will be taken as plunging

England into the whirlpool of militarism." Nothing would be said, we suppose, of his life-long pursuit of a policy which might have plunged England unprepared into a naval conflict fraught with overwhelming ruin. The state of his eyesight was alleged at the time as the main cause of his resignation. It was not the cataract in his bodily eye, however, but the still darker obsession of his mental vision, which never allowed him to see that saving without security is the worst form of national extravagance. His life-long attitude towards this subject was a negation of Adam Smith's pregnant saying, "Defence is of much more importance than opulence."

It remains to consider some of the more questionable of Mr. Gladstone's political enterprises and actions in the light that Mr. Morley has to throw upon them. It is inevitable that, in dealing with still living and disputed issues, a biographer should be more or less of an advocate. All we can expect of him, if he shares the opinions and has followed the lead of his subject, is a presentation of historical and biographical fact as impartial and dispassionate as is consistent with those feelings of sympathy and respect which he naturally entertains for his former leader.

We have no space to waste on the two "stubborn and noisy scuffles," as Mr. Morley calls them, known at the time as the Collier and Ewelme scandals, which contributed materially to Mr. Gladstone's personal disrepute and the discredit of his government in the latter days of his first administration. Beyond dispute they were, both of them, ill-advised proceedings; and a more astute man of the world than Mr. Gladstone ever was would have known that they were certain to provoke criticism altogether out of proportion to the importance of the issues involved. It is never wise to do things



which require some casuistry to defend, even though the motives may be unimpeachable, and though the thing itself may, on its merits, and apart from technicalities, be the right thing to be done. The Collier appointment was, it appears, approved by the Cabinet and sanctioned by the high authority, legal and moral, of Lord Hatherley and Roundell Palmer. The Ewelme Rectory appointment was more exclusively Mr. Gladstone's own doing. We agree with Mr. Morley in thinking the thing had better not have been done. But it was a storm in a tea-cup at the worst; and what administration has ever existed, down to the present day, which can afford to throw stones on the score of jobs?

A more serious question arises as to the sudden dissolution of 1874. It has been alleged on high authority—that of two of Mr. Gladstone's own colleagues—that the time of this dissolution, which certainly took every one by surprise, was determined by no reasons of policy but mainly, if not solely, by the difficulty in which Mr. Gladstone found himself, owing to his having assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in addition to that of First Lord of the Treasury. It seemed impossible to ascertain whether this act had vacated his seat for Greenwich or not. The Speaker, the law officers of the Crown, and other high legal authorities, were consulted and gave either contradictory opinions or none at all. Lord Selborne, who thought that the seat had been vacated, also thought in after years—it seems doubtful whether he held the same opinion at the time—that there was no way out of the difficulty except through the door of a dissolution. It seems natural, therefore, that he should record in his "Memorials" that this difficulty was the determining cause of the dissolution when it came so suddenly. But Lord Halifax, a man of sound sense and great

experience in public affairs, had pointed out to Mr. Gladstone how the parliamentary difficulty ought to be met. Mr. Childers, who had been disappointed in not being made Chancellor of the Exchequer when Mr. Lowe resigned and Mr. Gladstone took his office, also held that the double office and its unsolved problems were the main cause of the dissolution. "But his surmise," as Mr. Morley says, "was not quite impartial." The opinion of Lord Selborne and Mr. Childers seems now to have been very commonly accepted.

"I can only say," Mr. Morley comments, "that in the mass of papers connected with the Greenwich seat and the dissolution, there is no single word in one of them associating in any way either topic with the other. Mr. Gladstone acted so promptly in the affair of the seat that both the Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Selborne himself said that no fault could be found with him. His position before the House was therefore entirely straightforward. Finally, Mr. Gladstone gave an obviously adequate and sufficient case for the dissolution both to the Queen and to the Cabinet, and stated to at least three of his colleagues what was 'the determining cause'; and this was not the Greenwich seat, but something wholly remote from it" (ii, 471-2).

We have seen that the proposed repeal of the income-tax was alleged by many critics to have been a mere bribe to an estranged electorate, improvised to cover the Prime Minister's retreat. We have also seen that this charitable allegation is devoid of foundation. Mr. Gladstone began to think of measures for the repeal of the income-tax almost as soon as he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was indeed this plan, fully conceived in his own mind, but not yet sanctioned by his colleagues, that was the real cause of the dissolution, not its equivocal consequence.

The plan involved certain economies; and this brought the Prime Minister into direct conflict—a too frequent episode in his career—with his two colleagues at the head of what he was fond of calling “the great spending departments.” Both declined to give way, but both consented to review their position should a general election be found to approve the policy put before the country by Mr. Gladstone. This was known at the time only to Lord Granville, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Goschen—the three ministers mentioned above by Mr. Morley. The statement made to the Queen and to the Cabinet was couched in more general terms, and the difficulty about the estimates was not specifically mentioned. There may have been bad policy in all this, but there was no bad faith or base motive in it.

Lastly, we have to consider, very briefly, Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. We shall not be suspected of defending the policy in trying to ascertain Mr. Gladstone's real motives, and, where necessary, to do justice to them. Unless he was a hypocrite to his own diary and to his own familiar friends, it is quite certain that his desire gradually to withdraw from public life when he withdrew from the leadership of the Liberal party in 1874 was entirely sincere. It is equally certain that his public conscience, as he understood its promptings, and nothing else, compelled him to suppress that desire when the Eastern Question became acute between 1877 and 1880, and to do his utmost to restrain his country from committing what he regarded, rightly or wrongly, as a great act of treason to freedom, humanity, and Christianity. This brings us to 1880, and to the government of that year, which lasted until 1885. Again, Mr. Gladstone, unless he was a consummate hypocrite, would gladly have quitted public life if his sense of public duty had permit-

ted him to follow his own bent. But the Irish question had now become acute. The Irish peasant had been enfranchised; and a large access of strength to the Nationalist party in Parliament was known to be inevitable. The Conservative government had abandoned coercion; Lord Salisbury had permitted his Lord-Lieutenant to confer with the Nationalist leader—of course without prejudice—and had made a speech at Newport which was regarded by many as indicating, to say the least, a “coming-on disposition.” A general election followed, which gave the Conservatives no majority, even with the Irish vote, and the Liberals no majority without it. Did Mr. Gladstone then, for the first time, intimate that the Irish question must be faced in all its magnitude, and that even the demand for Home Rule, now constitutionally expressed, must be considered in all seriousness? Assuredly not. He had intimated so much in his election address, and he had allowed Mr. Childers at Pontefract to put similar ideas into much plainer language than he thought it politic to use himself—to propound, in fact, what Mr. Morley calls “a tolerably full-fledged scheme of Home Rule.” Moreover, before declaring himself definitely, he had made overtures to Lord Salisbury with a view to such a settlement of the Irish question, by consent of both parties, and under the auspices of the Conservative leader, as might be acceptable to the Imperial Parliament, without being wholly unacceptable to Parnell and his followers. These overtures were rejected. It was only then that, very slowly and reluctantly, and not without many conferences with his leading colleagues, he came to the conclusion that he must attempt to deal with the question himself, and deal with it by the way of party conflict instead of by the way of party co-operation, which had been

closed to him. However strongly we may condemn the policy which he then adopted, we cannot resist Mr. Morley's contention that, if wrong, he was not basely wrong. On this point, at any rate, there seems to be no appeal from the declaration made by Lord Hartington in March 1886:—

When I look back to the declarations that Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to these declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and that no one has, any right to complain of the declaration that Mr. Gladstone has recently made (iii, 293).

It must be added that Mr. Morley declares emphatically that the story of his being concerned in Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule is "pure moonshine." "I only glance at it," he says, "because in politics people are ready to believe anything."

We have exhausted our space, but not our subject. There is only one thing to be said in conclusion. Our own appreciation of so vast and complex a subject is of necessity superficial, discontinuous, and fragmentary. But no one can read Mr. Morley's survey of Mr. Gladstone's life as a whole without feeling that here was a man of commanding intellect, of exemplary conduct in all the relations of private life, of untiring devotion to public duty, of almost superhuman industry and application, of lightning rapidity of apprehension, insight, and grasp, of infinite variety of parts, of frequently erring policies, but of lofty aims, of questionable actions not a few, but never of base motives or unworthy ambitions—in a word, a man who set before himself a high standard in public and private life, and never willingly

deviated from it. Mr. Morley shall speak for the last time:—

The more you make of his errors the more is the need to explain his vast renown, the long reign of his authority, the substance and reality of his powers. We call men great for many reasons, apart from service wrought or eminence of intellect or even from force and depth of character. To have taken a leading part in transactions of decisive moment; to have proved himself able to meet demands on which high issues hung; to combine intellectual qualities, though moderate, yet adequate and sufficient, with the moral qualities needed for the given circumstance—with daring, circumspection, energy, intrepid initiative; to have fallen in with one of those occasions in the world that impart their own greatness even to a mediocre actor, and surround his name with a halo not radiating from within, but shed upon him from without—in all these and many other ways men come to be counted great. Mr. Gladstone belongs to the rarer class who acquire authority and fame by transcendent qualities of genius within, in half independence of any occasions beyond those they create for themselves (iii, 540-1).

It is idle to deny that Mr. Gladstone's name and character have lost much of their influence since his death. He represented and evoked a phase of national thought too high-flown and quixotic, it may be, certainly too much immersed in the sordid traffic of party politics, to be permanent. Have we lost nothing by its eclipse? He stood for one ideal—the rarer one by far—in political life and action, as Bismarck, his greatest contemporary, stood for the other—the commoner and the more acceptable to the natural man. On the one hand, the gospel of force, nakedly avowed, the policy of blood and iron ruthlessly pursued, the ethics of Machiavelli combined with the duplicity of our own Elizabeth; on the other, a sustained conviction that what

is wrong in private life cannot be right in public life, a large and expanding love of freedom, a life-long endeavor to raise politics to the ethical level of Christianity itself—in a word, the materialism of politics contrasted with their idealism. We know not whether the publication of Mr. Morley's biography will tend in any degree to re-establish Mr. Gladstone's moral ascendancy over the minds and consciences of his countrymen. But now that the dross of circumstance and the unseemly stains of party conflict and misunderstanding are being gradually disengaged by time from the fine gold of his true personality, it were surely not amiss that it should. For, after all, it was this that gave him his power, this that established his immense ascendancy; and no one has better divined the true secret of his greatness than

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the statesman whose loss we are now in turn deploring, the greatest and not the least generous of his later opponents.

"What he sought," said Lord Salisbury at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death, "was the achievement of great ideals; and, whether they were based on sound convictions or not, they could have issued from nothing but the greatest and the purest moral aspirations; and he is honored by his countrymen, because, through so many years, through so many vicissitudes and conflicts, they have recognized this one characteristic of his action, which has never left it, nor ceased to color it. He will leave behind him, especially to those who have followed with deep interest the history of his later years—I might almost say the later months of his life—he will leave behind him the memory of a great Christian statesman."

## A PASTORAL.

"Us wants more of they black pigs, and less of they black parsons," is the motto said to be inscribed on the heart of the Berkshire agricultural laborer. It may be so. It is not given to that bird of passage, a *locum tenens*, to penetrate in one short month to the secret aspirations of his temporary flock. The only criticism upon which he may tremblingly venture is to the effect that the Berkshire laborer is singularly successful in dissembling his likes and dislikes, and bestows a remarkably excellent imitation of cordial welcome upon the clerical stranger.

The parish, the cure of whose souls was temporarily committed to the writer, is situated at the foot of the downs which bound the Vale of White Horse, and is therefore connected with the English antiquities. It is the abode of

two or three great racing stables, and therefore identified with English modernities. Indeed, when the writer mentioned in a working men's club in central London (in which much of his time is passed) the name of the village where he proposed to spend his holiday, no pundit fell into raptures over the glorious memory of Alfred, but a mocking chorus instantly arose, "Send us the latest wires from the stables."

These racing stables employ a large number of lads whose duty it is to attend to the needs, welfare, and training of the thoroughbreds which are placed under their care. Day by day long strings of horses pass through the village ridden by these lads, going for long walks through the country by way of training. When the wayfarer meets one of these proces-

sions he must place himself in an attitude of unconditional and utter submission to the leading rider. An imperious gesture bids the cyclist dismount, or the foot passenger go slow, or the coachman take the wrong side of the road, and no one dreams of anything but instant obedience, for race-horses are skittish and excitable creatures, and easily moved to dangerous restiveness. Four or five miles away on the downs is the great galloping ground where, if you are a friend of the trainer and receive information from him as to the appointed morning, you may witness, at sunrise, speed trials and miniature race-meetings. There, too, you may see the furtive tout making notes, which will appear later on in the evening papers—especially in those which cry aloud that they are the true prophets of social reform—as “So-and-so’s finals,” or “Somebody’s treble,” whereby the innocent van-boy and the confiding clerk will be encouraged to dispose of their scanty superfluous coin to the best advantage—that is to say, to the advantage of the thrifty book-maker.

Some of these stable-lads and apprentices are a source of keen interest to the vicar, and he took steps to impress this fact upon his *locum tenens*. A few days before the latter entered upon his duties, he wrote to the vicar suggesting that it might be well for the two to meet in London, so that the deputy shepherd might be instructed in the ways and methods of the parish. The vicar retorted that it would be far better for the deputy to come down to the country and be instructed there. Controversy ensued, and ended (the deputy being a peaceful man) in the vicar getting his way. The visitor arrived at the vicarage, and then learned the true significance of the vicar’s obstinacy. Behind the thin veil of excuses concerning inventories, service books, and the like there loomed the stable-lads.

“When I was on my honeymoon in the Lake district,” said the vicar, “I took the opportunity of having lessons in Cumberland wrestling, and I have been teaching the lads the art. I want you to come this afternoon and give them an exhibition of heavy-weight wrestling with me. You see they’re hardly up to my weight.” A glance at the vicar’s portly form, reposing in an armchair, contrasted with a mental vision of an embryo jockey, confirmed the last remark.

The exhibition was duly given, and the aching traveller hoped next day that the parochial results were worthy of the toil and pains bestowed upon them.

But ’twas ever thus. Years ago this thing had been foreshadowed. In those days the vicar was a South London curate, and his victim a heedless layman. The then curate was in love with work among boys, and had a company of the Boys’ Brigade mustering 150. Among other levers employed for the elevation of these youngsters was instruction in boxing. “Come,” said the cleric, with a pleasant heartiness, “and let us give these lads an exhibition in hard hitting.” He gave an excellent exhibition in hard hitting, and, while his opponent lay upon his back to stop the bleeding, explained lucidly to a circle of admiring youths how it was done.

The church stands in the centre of the pretty straggling village. From it radiate the roads, some trailing up the hills, some stretching away to the vale, and from the roads shoot off little paths through the cornfields and fat pasture-lands. In days affectionately remembered by elderly farmers land on the downs was worth having, and rent then stood at twenty-four shillings an acre. Now it fetches seven shillings an acre. Such figures convey to the ignorant Londoner a clearer impression of what is meant by agricultural de-



pression than many newspaper references to Blue-books will give him.

Round the church is the old churchyard, which lies several feet above the level of the roads. The oldest inhabitant is said to recall the time when churchyard and roads were level with each other, and it is believed that the burying-ground has been raised to its present height by many years of use. The promoters of this theory do not seem to have perceived the necessary corollary that the church must have floated up on the rising wave of ground.

A new cemetery has been secured and consecrated in recent years, and is beginning to lose the desolate look which an uninhabited burying-place presents. Far away from the other graves, in a lonely corner, in hope of resurrection to a happier life than this world offered, lie the mortal remains of one who in his lifetime lived most unhappily with his wife. Long time he endured, till he could endure no more. One anniversary of the wedding day the wife was from home. On returning she found an empty house and a brief letter: "If you want me, look in the well." The widow married again, and lives some considerable distance away; but from time to time she revisits the old home, and professes herself happy and comfortable.

The memory of another pitiful ending clings to the village. There is a stream which descends from the downs and meanders through the vale till it is lost in the great river. Near its bank runs the main road to and over the hills, and from this road may sometimes be seen in the gloaming the sorrowing ghost of the poor girl who drowned herself for the old sad reason.

The church is small, but pleasantly suggestive of quiet worship and peaceful, holy thoughts. Through the windows great green trees can be seen waving, and through the open doors

come the song of birds, sights and sounds which are to some more beautiful than modern stained glass and the florid anthems patiently endured by tolerant congregations. There is a large memorial tablet inscribed with the names of the members of a family which lived long in the parish, and with the dates of their births and deaths. Most of the writing is undecipherable through age, but a few of the more modern additions can still be read. The last survivor passed to his rest not long ago. Shortly before his death he revisited the home of his childhood, and went once more to the old church where he and his forefathers had worshipped. He was blind and unable to see the great tablet over the organ, but in answer to his request a ladder was fetched and he climbed up and traced the names with his finger. "Ah," he said at last, "there is room for me," and so went his way. A few months later the list was completed.

A stranger would, perhaps, remark that more perfect cleanliness and tidiness might possibly be achieved by a more liberal application of toll and soap. Inquiries on this point received a sufficiently silencing answer. The caretaker is a woman of business instincts. The pay in a poor village is necessarily small. When she is criticised, "I cleans according to my pay," she replies, and the argument is closed. One can only think with longing of a certain urban parish where a bachelor vicar reigned supreme. As sometimes happens under these circumstances, there was an enthusiastic band of lady helpers in the parish. Did the vicar quail as other vicars have quailed? No; he was a brave man and a wise one, and he utilized the devout enthusiasm by enrolling a corps of voluntary church-cleaners. His church was a model of shining cleanliness.

The Sunday services are in striking

contrast to those to which the clerical sojourner is accustomed in London. The parson stands facing the congregation, and he and they render the service heartily, with the clerk echoing deeply from the west end and the choir helping lustily in the chancel behind. The choir attracted the stranger's notice, and he made inquiries concerning some of the boys. "Oh, yes, that lad in gray whom you ask about can sing quite nicely, only he can't read; and the boy next to him can read but can't sing; and the one on the other side is deaf." Inquiries were prosecuted no further.

In the course of paying a pastoral visit to a dear old cottage-woman of eighty-three the *locum tenens* made a discovery which threw considerable light upon the vexed question why sermons do or do not please, as the case may be. The conversation turned on health, and incidentally the old lady remarked, "You're stouter than the vicar, are you not, sir?" The visitor disguised his real sentiments as well as he could, and she proceeded, "I was talking to a neighbor the other day, and she said, 'Mr. ——— does look nice in the pulpit; he seems to fill it so.'"

*Tempora mutantur*; her father—it must be nearly a century ago—used to pay rent for land at the rate of 4*l.* per acre. He was one of the pioneers who introduced agricultural machinery, and was the proud possessor of nineteen threshing-machines which were worked by horse power. The fate of reformers overtook him, and his machines were broken up by misguided laborers. The blow was a heavy one to the farmer, and he never got over the disaster. It was strange to sit and listen to his daughter telling of those days which one generally looks upon as almost mediæval, and yet were all but within her own memory.

In just such a cottage as hers, and not far off, lives the oldest inhabitant

of the village. A year ago he felt that the burden of age was becoming too heavy to be borne, and took to his bed in quiet expectation of the end. But Death chooses his own time, and the old man regained health. He kept thenceforward, however, almost entirely to his bed, varying the day only by an occasional hour at the window which looks into his garden and along the village street. The room which he occupies is spotlessly clean, is light and airy, and is kept cool in summer and warm in winter by the thick thatch which hangs like a shaggy eyebrow over the little window. Occasionally the clergyman visits him, and the old man will ask for passage after passage of the Bible, passages which he knows by heart and loves well, to be read to him. To him the sacred pages are an unspeakable comfort, and he waits and waits in calm confidence and sure faith.

The visitor, as he listens to him or lets his eyes wander round the room with its white walls relieved by homely texts, thinks of another sick-room which he used to visit in a London back street, endeavoring to carry help and comfort to a dying man. The street was mean and ugly and noisy, the house was filthy and offensive with the sickening, pungent smell of vermin and ill-health. The walls were alive; the sick man was tormented by the flies which crept over his face and into his eyes. He received the clergyman's ministrations without zeal and without resentment, indifferently. He awaited death without much hope and without fear. Well, God is the Judge and will know where to lay the blame for the dirt and ignorance of a forgotten corner of a densely populated parish, where an overworked vicar had tried in vain to minister to too many thousands of souls till one of the colleges established a church and mission in the most neglected district. Perhaps

"the system" is at fault in this case, as "the system" is at fault in several other matters where no individual is ever found to be blameworthy.

A stranger from London visiting the country is, of course, struck at every turn by the contrasts between the great city and the little village, between the boundless desert of buildings with its few oases and the scattered groups of houses set in the far-stretching lands and overshadowed by the mighty sky. Out of the multitude of differences a few impress themselves sharply on the mind; all the rest soon get taken for granted. In London one's sleep is broken by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rattle of wheels; in the country it is broken by dogs, poultry, and birds. In London it is the roads that outrage one's nose; in the country it is the pigsty. These things one accepts without surprise. It is a law of nature that perfect quiet and perfect sweetness should be unattainable outside a hermitage. Two things, however, are a continual source of surprise and interest to the present writer in his temporary exile—namely, the strength of parish feeling and the low rate of wages. Compared with these things the rest sink into insignificance.

What does it matter to the man of towns what parish he lives in—except when the rate-collector leaves a demand-note? How many Londoners could tell you at what point or in what street they crossed the parish boundary? But in the country how different! There the parish is a living and distinct unit. To be a parishioner is in itself an appeal to patriotism, to think of another parish or to mention it is to rouse latent hostility. This may be due to the mere elementary fact of distance, and to the necessity of walking a long way if you would reach another parish; but if so, the effects seem out of proportion to the cause. It is

conceivable that the laws relating to attendance at parish churches might be revived in this twentieth century with the approval of the country; it is a fact that church rates are actually made there still by vestry meetings—made? ay, and paid. Could parish feeling further go?

In London the solitary authentic relic of local patriotism is to be found among bands of youths who fight with belts for the honor of their district against other bands from other districts. Perhaps a trace of the same feeling may be discovered in the desire for marriage and christening in the parish church under whose shadow the family lived for years, or even generations, till improvement schemes broke up the colony. A student of sociology would be surprised were he to search the registers of such a church as St. Giles-in-the-Fields and note the abodes of those whose names appear in their columns.

And the wages. The lowest weekly sum earned by a full-grown man in regular employment in London within the experience of the present writer was nineteen shillings a week, earned by a railway porter at a great railway terminus in a position beyond the reach of the tipping passenger. He had a wife and two children to support and six shillings weekly rent to pay. As a rule, a pound a week was considered in that district to be the standard wage for unskilled labor. In Central London the rate of wages is fifty per cent. higher, but rents are higher too. In Berkshire an agricultural laborer earns eleven shillings a week. True, he pays little or no rent for his cottage, and he usually has a little garden from which he supplies himself with vegetables, but—eleven shillings! a wife, four or five children, boots, clothes, luxuries, tobacco, doctors, oil, fuel (with the summer price of coal standing at one and sevenpence the hundred-

weight) burials, and—eleven shillings! Years ago tea cost five shillings a pound, sugar cost eightpence, corn fetched fifty or sixty shillings a quarter, and the laborer's wage was then as now eleven shillings. Doubtless he thanks God that with the advent of Free Trade and owing to various causes beyond his knowledge prices have fallen, and that he now lives in luxury upon—eleven shillings.

It is said, by way of mitigation, that he gets Michaelmas money and harvest money. Perhaps the Berkshire laborer enjoys a different kind of human nature from the rest of us, never indulges in a harvest festival outside the church, but spreads out the money received at these special times over the rest of the year, like a little butter spread over a large slice of bread. It is also urged that he is fond of living on bread and bacon—in fact, that he likes his bacon fat and full flavored. Possibly "Spartan sauce" makes it palatable.

One thing at least shall be set down here to his credit. The writer, moving among the people for a short time, was begged from only once. The one beggar was a stranger from another parish. A month does not permit sufficient experience to justify generalizations, but what clergyman ever worked for a month in London without receiving endless tales of want and woe?

No sketch of the village would be complete without a passing reference to Don, who lies outside the study door waiting for any sound which can be construed into an intention to take a walk. Don is the vicarage dog. His head recalls mastiffs, his hind legs are associated with St. Bernards; it would require an expert to interpret the rest of him. Suffice it to say that whatever races are represented in his big body are represented only by their virtues. Don has but one weakness, an insatiable appetite for hard exercise. You

take him for a gentle stroll after breakfast, and all the rest of the morning he lies in wait for you. Is the door opened by the maid who brings in the letters? In comes Don, with a tail that clears the room, to fetch you out, departing reproachfully when you explain that next Sunday's sermon will not brook these interruptions. You come from your lunch intending to steal forty winks over the newspaper, but Don is too much for you. Whack! Whack! goes his great tail from side to side of the hall, and his big brown eyes, from which all their habitual sadness is for once banished, beam at you till you yield feebly. Don casts a hasty glance in passing at the cat enjoying her frugal meal; two long red licks—the plate is empty, and Don is half-way down the drive before pussy has completed her opening remarks. Down the village street he takes you, past thatched cottages, past cottages with red tiles, past cottages now beginning to appear with slate roofs, past cottages, *horribile visu*, which have their outlying portions covered with galvanized iron, past the inn from which two friends, a St. Bernard and a retriever, run out to play (but Don says coldly, "Go away, can't you see I've got a man to look after?"), and so far away over the downs or through the vale. Flop, flop, flop, go the great paws, eating up the miles; splash, splash, into every stream that we cross; longing eyes are fixed on the sheep in the meadow; who so happy in the three kingdoms as Don?

And he is shrewd, too. Get your bicycle half an hour before lunch and he will join you. He knows perfectly well that you are going only to the market town. Get your bicycle in the early afternoon, and Don looks at you wisely. If you get out both bicycles he will accompany you, for he knows that his mistress will accommodate her pace to that of a heavily built dog who

was never meant by nature to run very far or fast. But if you go alone he comes with you, with a great show of devotion, as far as the gate. There he vanishes. He knows quite well what a man's bicycling is when he is out for hard exercise.

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"Down, Don! Down sir! Get away, you old nuisance, can't you see I'm busy writing? Get away—what on earth do you want? Ah well, I suppose I must—where are my hat and stick?"

*H. G. D. Latham.*

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### THE MAN WHO KNEW.

Bearded, bowed, with hard blue eyes that questioned always, so we knew David Uyo as children; an old, remotely quiet man, who was to be passed on the other side of the street and in silence. I have wondered sometimes if the old man ever noticed the hush that ran before him and the clamor that grew up behind, the games that held breath while he went by, and the children that judged him with wide eyes. He alone, of all the people in the little dorp, made his own world and possessed it in solitude; about him, the folk held all interest in community and measured life by a trivial common standard. At his doorstep, though, lay the frontier of little things; he was something beyond us all, and therefore greater or less than we. The mere pictorial value of his tall figure, the dignity of his long, forked beard, and the expectancy of his patient eye, must have settled it that he was greater. I was a child when he died, and remember only what I saw, but the rest was talk, and so, perhaps, grew the more upon me.

One day he died. For years he had walked forth in the morning and back to his house at noon, a purple spot on the raw color of the town. He had always been still and somewhat ominous and conveyed to all who saw him a sense of looking for something. But on this day he went back briskly,

walking well and striding long, with the gait of one that has good news, and he smiled at those he passed and nodded to them, unheeding or not seeing their strong surprise nor the alarm he wrought to the children. He went straight to his little house, that over-looks a crowded garden and a pool of the dorp spruit, entered, and was seen no more alive. His servant, a sullen Kaffir, found him in his bed when supper-time came, called him, looked, made sure, and ran off to spread the news that David Uyo was dead. He was lying, I have learned, as one would lie who wished to die formally, with a smile on his face and his arms duly crossed. This is copiously confirmed by many women who crowded, after the manner of Boers, to see the corpse; and of all connected with him, I think, his end and the studied manner of it, implying an ultimate deference to the conventions, have most to do with the awe in which his memory is preserved.

Now, a death so well conceived, so aptly precluded, must, in the nature of things, crown and complete a life of singular and strong quality. A murder without a good motive is merely folly; properly actuated, it is tragedy, and therefore of worth. So with a death; one seldom dies well, in the technical sense, without having lived well, in the artistic sense; and a man who will



furnish forth a good deathbed scene seldom goes naked of an excellent tradition. I have been at some pains to discover the story of David Uyo; and though some or the greater part of it may throw no further back than to the vrouws of the dorp, it seems to me that they have done their part at least as well as David Uyo did his, and this is the tale I gleaned.

When David was a young man the Boers were not yet scattered abroad all over the veldt, and the farms lay in to the dorps, and men saw one another every day. There was still trouble with the Kaffirs at times, little risings and occasional murders, with the sacking and burning of homesteads, and it was well to have the men within a couple of days' ride of the field-cornet, for purposes of defence and retaliation. But when David married all this weighed little with him.

"What need of neighbors?" he said to his young wife. "We have more need of land—good land and much of it. We will trek."

"It shall be as you will, David," answered Christina. "I have no wish but yours, and neighbors are nothing to me."

There was a pair of them, you see—both Boers of the best, caring more for a good fire of their own than to see the smoke from another's chimney soiling the sky. Within a week of their agreement the wagons were creaking towards the rising sun, and the whips were saluting the morning. David and Christina fronted a new world together, and sought virgin soil. For a full month they journeyed out, and out-spanned at last, on a mellow evening, on their home.

"Could you live here, do you think, Christina?" asked David, smiling, and she smiled back at him and made no other answer.

There was need for none, indeed, for no Boer could pass such a place. It

was a rise, a little rand, flowing out from a tall kopje, grass and bush to its crown, and at its skirts ran a wide spruit of clear water. The veldt waved like a sea,—not nakedly and forlorn, but dotted with gray mimosa and big green dropsical aloes, that here and there showed a scarlet plume like a flame. The country was thigh-deep in grass and spoke of game; as they looked a springbok got up and fled. So here they stayed.

David and his Kaffirs built the house, such a house as you see only when the man who is to make his home in it puts his hand to the building. David knew but one architecture, that of the great hills and the sky, and when all was done, the house and its back-ground clove together like a picture in a fit frame, the one enhancing the other, the two being one in perfection. It was thatched, with deep eaves, and these made a cool stoep and cast shadows on the windows; while the door was red, and took the eye at once, as do the plumes of the aloes. It was not well devised,—to say so would be to lend David a credit not due to him; but it occurred excellently.

The next thing that occurred was a child, a son, and this set the pinnacle on their happiness. His arrival was the one great event in many years, for the multiplication of David's flocks and herds was so well graduated, the growth of his prosperity so steady and of so even a process, that it tended rather to content than to joy. It was like having money rather than like getting it. In the same barefoot quiet their youth left them, and the constant passing of days marked them, tenderly at first, and then more deeply. Their boy, Trikkie, was a man and thinking of marrying, when the consciousness of the leak in their lives stood up before them.

They were sitting of an evening on the stoep, watching the sun go down

and pull his ribbons after him, when Christina spoke.

"David," she said, "yesterday was twenty-five years since our marriage. We—we are growing old, David."

She spoke with a falter, believing what she said. For though the blood is running strong and warm, and the eye is as clear as the heart is loyal, twenty-five years is a weary while to count back to one's youth.

David turned and looked at her. He saw for a moment with her eyes—saw that the tenseness of her girlhood had vanished, and he was astonished. But he knew he was strong and hale, well set-up and a good man to be friends with, and as he gripped his knees, he felt the tough muscle under his fingers, and it restored him.

"Christina," he said, seeing she was troubled, "it is the same with both of us. You are not afraid to grow old with me, little cousin?"

She came closer to him, but said nothing. It was soon after that, and a wonderful thing in its way, such as David had never heard of before, that there came to them another boy, a wee rascal that shattered all the cobwebs of twenty-five years, and gave Christina something better to think of than the footsteps of time.

Trikkie had been glorious enough in his time, and was glorious enough still, for the matter of that; but this was a creature with exceptional points, which neither David nor Christina—nor, to do him justice, Trikkie—could possibly overlook. Trikkie had a voice like a bell, and whiskers like the father of a family, and stood six foot two in his naked feet, and lacked no excellence that a sturdy bachelor should possess. But the other, who was born to the name of Paul, lamented his arrival with a vociferous note of disappointment in the world that was indescribably endearing; had a head clothed in down like the intimate garments of an

ostrich chick, and was small enough for David to put in his pocket. He brought a new horizon with him and imposed it on his parents; he was, in brief, a thing to make a deacon of a Jew peddler.

Thereafter, life for David and Christina was no longer a single phenomenon, but a series of developments. It was like sailing in agreeably rough water. No pensive mood could survive the sight of mighty Trikkie gambling like a young bull in the company of Paul; nor could quiet hours impart a melancholy while the welkin rang with the voice of the *kleintje* bullying the adoring Kaffirs. Where before life had glided, now it steeple-chased, taking its days bull-headed, and Paul grew to the age of four as a bamboo grows, in leaps.

Then Trikkie, the huge, the hairy, the heavy-footed, the man who prided himself on his ability to make circumstances, discovered, in a revealing flash, that he was, after all, a poor creature, and that the brightest being on earth was Katje Voss, whose people had settled about thirty miles off—next door, as it were. Katje held views not entirely dissimilar, but she consented to marry him, and the big youth walked on air. Katje was a dumpy Boer girl, with a face all cream and roses, and a figure that gave promise of much fat hereafter. Christina had imagined other things, but the idea is a rickety structure and she yielded; while David had never considered such an emergency, and consented heartily. Behind Trikkie's back he talked of grandchildren, and was exceedingly happy.

Then his dream-fabric tumbled about his ears.

Trikkie had ridden off to worship his beloved, and David and Christina, as was their wont, sat on the stoep. They watched the figure of their son out of sight, and talked a while, and then lapsed into the silence of perfect com-

panionship. The veldt was all about them, as silent and friendly as they, and the distance was mellow with a haze of heat. From the kraals came at intervals the voice of little Paul in fluent Kaffir; David smiled over his pipe and nodded to his wife once when the boy's voice was raised in a shout. Christina was sewing; her thoughts were on Katje and were still vaguely hostile.

Of a sudden she heard David's pipe clatter on the ground, and looked sharply round at him. He was staring intently into void sky; his brows were knitted and his face was drawn; even as she turned he gave a hoarse cry.

She rose quickly, but he rose too, and spoke to her in an unfamiliar voice.

"Go in," he said. "Have all ready, for our son has met with a mishap. He has fallen from his horse."

She gasped and stared at him, but could not speak.

"Go and do it," he said again, looking at her with hard eyes, and suddenly she saw, as by an inward light, that here was not madness, but truth. It spurred her.

"I will do it," she said swiftly. "But you will go and bring him in?"

"At once," he replied, and was away to the shed for the cart. The Kaffirs came running to inspan the horses, and shrank from him as they worked. He was white through his tan, and he breathed loud. Little Paul saw him, and sat down on the ground and cried quietly.

Before David went his wife touched him on the arm, and he turned. She was white to the lips.

"David," she said, and struggled with her speech—"David."

"Well?" he answered with a pregnant calm.

"David, he is not—not dead?"

"Not yet," he answered; "but I cannot say how it will be when I get

there." A tenderness overwhelmed him, and he caught a great sob and put his arm about her. "All must be ready, little cousin. Time enough to grieve afterwards—all our lives, Christina, all our lives!"

She put her hand on his breast.

"All shall be ready, David," she answered. "Trust me, David."

He drove off, and she watched him lash the horses down the hill and force them at the drift—he, the man who loved horses and knew them as he knew his children. His children! She fled into the house to do her office and to drink to the bottom of the cup the bitterness of motherhood. A cool bed, linen, cold water and hot water, brandy and milk, all the insignia of the valley of the shadow did she put to hand, and con over and adjust and think upon, and then there was the waiting. She waited on the stoep, burning and tortured, boring at the horizon with dry eyes, and praying and hoping. A lifetime went in those hours, and the sun was slanting down before the road yielded, far and far away, a speck that grew into a cart going slowly. By-and-by she was able to see her husband driving, but nobody with him,—only a rag or a garment that fluttered from the side. Her mind snatched at it; was it—God! what was it?

David drove into the yard soberly; she was at the stoep.

"All is ready," she said in a low voice. "Will you bring him in?"

"Yes," he said; and she went inside with her heart thrashing like a kicking horse.

David carried in his son in his arms; he was not yet past that. On the white bed inside they laid him, and where his fair head touched the pillow it dyed it red. Trikkie's face was white and blue, and his jaw hung oddly; but once he was within the door, some reinforcement of association came to Christina, and she went about

her ministry purposefully and swiftly, a little comforted. At the back of her brain dwelt some idea such as this: here was her house, her home, there David, there Trikkie, here she, and where these were together Death could never make the fourth. The same thought sends a stricken child to its mother. David leant on the foot of the bed, his burning eyes on the face, of his son, and his brows tortured with anxiety. Christina brought some drink in a cup and held it to the still lips of the young man.

"Drink, Trikkie," she pleaded softly. "Drink, my *kleintje*. Only a drop, Trikkie, and the pain will fly away."

She spoke as though he were yet a child, for a mother knows nothing of manhood when her son lies helpless. The arts that made him a man shall keep him a man; so she coaxed the closed eyes and the dumb mouth.

But Trikkie would not drink, heard nothing, gave no sign. Christina laid drenched cloths to his forehead, deftly cleansed and bandaged the gaping rent in the base of the skull whence the life whistled forth, and talked to her boy all the while in the low crooning mother-voice. David never moved from the foot of the bed, and never loosed his drawn brows. In came little Paul silently and took his hand, but he never looked down, and the father and the child remained there throughout the languid afternoon.

Evening cool was growing up when Trikkie opened his eyes. Christina was wetting towels for bandages, and her back was towards him, but she knew instantly and came swiftly to his side. David leaned forward breathlessly, and little Paul cried out with the grip of his hand. They saw a waver of recognition in Trikkie's eyes, a fond light, and it seemed that his lips moved. Christina laid her ear to them.

"And—a—shod—horse!" murmured

Trikkie. Nothing more. An hour after he was cold, and David was alone on the stoep, questioning pitiless skies and groping for God, while Christina knelt beside the bed within and wept blood from her soul.

They buried Trikkie in a little kraal on the hillside, and David made the coffin. When he nailed down the lid he was an old man; when the first red clod rung on it, he felt that life had emptied itself. When they were back in the house again, Christina turned to him.

"You knew," she said, in a strange voice—"You knew, but you could not save him." And she laughed aloud. David covered his face with his hands and groaned, but the next instant Christina's arms were about him.

Yet of their old life, before the deluge of grief, too much was happy to be all swamped. Time softened the ruggedness of their wound somewhat, and a day came when all the world was no longer black. Little Paul helped them much, for what had once been Trikkie's was now his, and as he grew before their eyes, his young strength and beauty were a balm to them. David was much abroad in the lands now, for he was growing meallies and rapidly becoming a rich man; and as he rode off in the morning, and rode in at sundown, his new gravity of mind and mien broke up to the youngster who jumped at the stirrup with shouts and laughter and demanded to ride on the saddle-bow. At intervals, also, Paul laid claim to a gun, to spurs, to a watch, to all the things that go in procession across a child's horizon, and Christina was not proof against the impulse to smile at him.

It is not to be thought, of course, that the shock of foreknowledge, of omnipotent vision, had left David scathless. Though the other details of the tragedy shared his memory, and elbowed the terrifying sense of revela-

tion, he would find himself now and again peering at the future, straining to foresee, as a sailor bores at a fog-bank. Then he would catch himself, and start back shuddering to the instant matters about him. Eventualities he could meet, but in their season and hand to hand, afar off they mastered him. Christina, too, dwelt on it at seasons; but, by some process of her woman's mind, it was less dreadful to her than to David: she, too, could dream at times.

One day she was at work within the house, and Paul ran in and out. She spoke to him once about introducing an evil-smelling water-tortoise; he went forth to exploit it in the yard. From time to time his shrill voice reached her; then the frayed edges of David's black trousers of ceremony engaged her, to the exclusion of all else. Between the scissors and the needle, at last, there stole on her ear a faint tap—tap—such a sound as water dropping on to a board makes. It left her unconscious for a while, and then grew a little louder, with a note of vehemence. At last she looked up and listened. Tap, tap, it went, and she sprang from her chair and went to the stoep and looked out along the road. Far off on the hillside was a horse, ridden furiously on the downward road, and though dwarfed by the mles, she could see the rider flogging and his urgent crouch over the horse's withers. It was a picture of mad speed, of terror and violence, and struck her with a chill. Were the Kaffirs risen? she queried. Was there war abroad? Was this mad rider her husband?

The last question struck her sharply, and she glanced about. Little Paul was sitting on a stone, plaguing the water-tortoise with a stick, and speaking to himself and it. The sight reassured her, and she viewed the rider again with equanimity. But now she was able to place him: it was David,

and the horse was his big roan. The pace at which he rode was winding up the distance, and the hoofs no longer tap-tapped, but rung insistently. There was war, then; it could be nothing else. Her category of calamities was brief, and war and the death of her dear ones nearly exhausted it.

David galloped the last furlongs with a tightened rein, and froth snowed from the bit. He pulled up in the yard and slipped from the saddle. Christina saw again on his face the white stricken look and the furrowed frown that had stared on Trikkie's death. David stood with the bridle in his hand and the horse's muzzle against his arm and looked around. He saw Christina coming towards him with quick steps, and little Paul, abandoning the *skellpot*, running to greet him. He staggered and drew his hand across his forehead.

Christina had trouble to make him speak.

"A dream," he kept saying, "an evil dream."

"A lying dream," suggested Christina anxiously.

"Yes," he hastened to add, "a lying dream."

"About—about little Paul?" was her timid question.

David was silent for a while, and then answered. "I saw him dead," he replied with a shudder. "God! I saw it as plain as I saw him a moment ago in the kraal."

They heard the child's gleeful shout the same instant. "I've got you! I've got you!" he cried from without.

"He has a water-tortoise," explained Christina with a smile. "Paul," she called aloud, "come indoors."

"Ja," shouted the child, and they heard him run up the steps of the stoep.

"Look," he said, standing at the door, "I found this in the grass. What sort is it, father?"



David saw something lithe and sinuous in the child's hands, and stiffened in every limb. Paul had a *skaapstikker* in his grip, the green-and-yellow death-snake that abounds in the veldt. Its head lay on his arm, its pin-point eyes maliciously agleam, and the child gripped it by the middle. Christina stood petrified, but the boy laughed and dandled the reptile in glee.

"Be still, Paul," said David, in a voice that was new to him—"be still; do not move."

The child looked up at him in astonishment. "Why?" he began.

"Be still," commanded David, and went over to him cautiously. The serpent's evil head was raised as he approached, and it hissed at him. Paul stood quite quiet, and David advanced his naked hand to his certain death and the delivery of his child. The reptile poised, and as David snatched at it, it struck—but on his sleeve. The next instant was a delirious vision of writhing green and yellow; there was a cry from Paul, and the snake was on the floor. David crushed it furiously with his boot.

Christina snatched the child. "Did it bite you, Paul?" she screamed. "Did it bite you?"

The boy shook his head, but David interposed in a voice of thunder.

"Of course it did!" he vociferated with blazing eyes; "what else did my dream point to? But we'll fight with God yet. Bring me the child, Christina."

On the plump forearm of Paul they found two minute punctures and two tiny points of blood. David drew his knife, and the child shrieked and struggled.

"Get a hot iron, Christina," cried David, and gripped Paul with his knees.

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In the morning the room was wild and grisly with blood and the smell of

burnt flesh, and David lay face downwards on the floor, writhing as the echoes of Paul's shrieks tortured his ears. But in the next room little Paul was still for ever, and all the ghastly labor was to no purpose.

I suppose there is some provision in the make of humanity for overflow grief, some limit impregnable to affliction; for when little Paul was laid beside his brother, there were still David and Christina to walk aimlessly in their empty world. Their scars were deep and they were crippled with woe, and it seemed to them they lived as paralytics live, dead in all save in their susceptibility to torture. Moreover, there was a barrier between them in David's disastrous foreknowledge, for Christina could not throw off the thought that it contained the causal elements which had robbed her of her sons. Pain had fogged her; she could not probe the matter, and sensations tyrannized over her mind. David, too, was bowed with a sense of guilt that he could not rise to throw off. All motive was buried in the kraal; and he and his wife sat apart and spent days and nights without the traffic of speech.

But Christina was seized with an idea. She woke David in the night and spoke to him tensely.

"David," she cried, gripping him by the arm—"David! We cannot live for ever. Do you hear me? Look, David, look hard! Look where you looked before. Can you see nothing for me—for us, David?"

He was sitting up, and the spell of her inspiration claimed him. He opened his eyes wide and searched the barren darkness for a sign. He groped with his mind, tore at the bonds of the present.

"Do you see nothing?" whispered Christina. "Oh, David, there must be something. Look—look hard!"

For the space of a hundred seconds

they huddled on the bed, David fumbling with the trusts of destiny, Christina waiting, breathless.

"Lie down," said David at last. "You are going to die, little cousin. It is all well."

His voice was the calmest in the world.

"And you?" cried Christina; "David, and you?"

"I see nothing," he said.

"Poor David!" murmured his wife, clinging to him. "But I am sure all will yet be well, David. Have no fear, my husband."

She murmured on in the dark, with his arm about her, and promised him death, entreated him to believe with her, and coaxed him with the bait of the grave. They were bride and groom again, they two, and slept at last in one another's arms.

In the morning all was well with Christina, and she bustled about as of old. David was still, and hoped ever, with a tired content in what should happen, a languor that forbade him from railing on fate. Together they prepared matters as for a journey.

"If the black trousers come frayed again," said Christina, "try to remember that the scissors are better than a knife. And the seeds are all in the box under our bed."

"In the box under our bed," repeated David carefully. "Yes, under the bed. I will remember."

"And this, David," holding up piles of white linen, "this is for me. You will not forget?"

"For you?" he queried, not understanding.

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"Yes," she answered softly. "I will be buried in this."

He started, but recovered himself with a quivering lip.

"Of course," he answered. "I will see to it. I must be very old, Christina."

She came over and kissed him on the forehead.

In the middle of the afternoon she went to bed, and he came in and sat beside her. She held his hand, and smiled at him.

"Are you dying now?" he asked at length.

"Yes," she said. "What shall I tell Trikkie and the *kleintje* from you?"

"Tell them nothing," he said, after a pause. "It cannot be that I shall be apart from you all long. No; I am very sure of that."

She pressed his hand, and soon afterwards felt some pain. It was little, and she made no outcry. Her death was calm and not strongly distressing, and the next day David put her into the ground where her sons lay.

But, as I have made clear, he did not die till long afterwards, when he had sold his farm and come to live in the little white house in the dorp, where colors jostled each other in the garden, and fascinated children watched him go in and come out. I think the story explains that perpetual search of which his vacant eyes gave news, and the joyous alacrity of his last homecoming, and the perfect technique of his death. It all points to the conclusion, that however brave the figures, however aspiring their capers, they but respond to strings which are pulled and loosened elsewhere.

Perceval Gibbon.

## THE NEAR EAST.

The Eastern Question—that interminable Eastern Question—which has vexed Europe and threatened its peace for nearly a century—is again upon us. In one sense it has never been absent, for wherever the Turk rules the elements of danger are present. But from time to time the fires that are always smouldering break out into fierce flame, spread over one province after another, and seem on the point of involving Europe in a general conflagration.

Though it had become plain, even in the eighteenth century, that the decay of the Turkish Empire would make the territories embraced within it a scene of internal discord, and ultimately a prey to be fought for by neighboring Powers, the Eastern Question, as we know it, may be said to have begun with the insurrection of the Greeks in the second decade of last century. The battle of Navarino in 1827 decided the issue of that struggle; and the creation of an independent Greek kingdom, shortly afterwards, gave to the Christian populations in other parts of the Sultan's dominions hopes of emancipation, which have never since deserted them. The process then begun has gone on steadily. First, the Danubian Principalities, practically independent already, became legally independent; then Serbia won her freedom by a long struggle, and had it formally recognized in 1829 and guaranteed in 1836. Bulgaria was erected into an autonomous State at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Bosnia was in the same year occupied by Austria. Montenegro was enlarged, and Thessaly was added to Greece. Eastern Roumelia, also established as a principality in 1878, achieved her union with

Bulgaria in 1885. Crete, after repeated risings, virtually ceased to be Turkish in 1897. Thus the dominions of the Sultan in Europe, which, in the seventeenth century, had stretched as far north as Budapest, have now become reduced to a comparatively narrow strip of territory, running from the Adriatic to the coast of the Black Sea at Capt. Inlida, north of Constantinople.

The process whereby the regions just enumerated have been delivered has for a hundred years past been always the same; and the same causes have been everywhere at work. Misrule has provoked discontent, discontent has broken out in rebellion, rebellion has either held its ground until the Sultan's power proved unable to overcome it, or has been suppressed with massacres so horrible, that intervention by one or more of the European Powers became inevitable. Some interfered because public opinion compelled them; and the two nearest Powers have had a further motive, for the disorders gave them an excuse, which humanity approved, for extending their own borders. The process would have been more rapid—would indeed have been completed before now—but for the jealousies of the four great States which thought themselves chiefly concerned. England deemed it her interest to maintain the Turkish Empire as a safeguard for herself against Russia. France, as the protector of Roman Catholic interests in the East, was suspicious both of England and (till within the last twenty years) of Russia. Still more pronounced has been, in recent days, the rivalry of Russia and Austria. But for these jealousies, the Turk would have little, if anything, to call his own.

upon European soil. In 1878 the Treaty of San Stefano, dictated by Russia after the war which the Bulgarian massacres of 1876 had provoked, took from the Sultan, and gave to Bulgaria, nearly the whole of what we call Macedonia; and it was the action of England which then substituted for that instrument the Treaty of Berlin, whereby these regions were handed back to the Turk. By the twenty-third article of that Treaty the Sultan undertook to introduce administrative reforms; and an International Commission was appointed to draw up a scheme embodying them. The scheme was duly prepared, but no effect was ever given to it. Things remained just as bad as they had been before. Indeed, things were in one sense worse, for the miserable peasantry of Macedonia now saw on their borders a new State, inhabited by men of their own tongue and faith, but delivered from the oppressions under which they were left to groan.

One may speak of the peasantry as a whole, because all the Christians suffer, all are alike anxious to rid themselves of Turkish misgovernment. But there are differences among them, and it is partly in these differences that the special difficulty of the problem lies. In most parts of Greece, almost the whole population was Christian, and whether it spoke Greek or Albanian, it was equally anxious to be free. In Crete, the Christians were, and are, in a large majority. In Servia, there were hardly any Muslims. In Bosnia, as in Bulgaria, the Muslims were a minority, and in Bosnia the hand of Austria was strong enough to impose order and repress the strife of faiths. In Macedonia (omitting Albania) the Christians vastly outnumber the Muslims. But the Christians themselves are divided into four races and three religious communions. The Bulgarian

race prevails over three-fourths of the country, from the Black Sea to the mountains west of the Vardar valley, and extends southward nearly to the Aegean and northward to the frontiers of the principality of Bulgaria. The northwestern districts round Pristina and Novi Bazar belong to the Servian branch of the Slavonic family. These Serbs speak a language near akin to the Bulgarian, but the two races are dissimilar in character, for the Bulgarians are of Finnish origin; and, though they have been commingled with the Slavs among whom they settled in the seventh century A. D., and have learnt from them their Slavonic speech, they remain different in mind and temper. The Greeks—that is to say a population speaking Greek (whatever its racial source)—dwell in the southwest corner, around and west of Salonika, and along the coasts of the Aegean. They keep themselves quite apart from the Bulgarians of the interior, to whom they are generally superior in education. There are no data for estimating their number (for statistics do not exist in Turkey, unless when invented to throw dust in Western eyes); but they are more numerous than the Servians of the North-West, though fewer than the Bulgarians. Scattered here and there through the country, especially in the South and South-West, there are villages of a people called Vlachs, speaking the same tongue as the Roumans of Roumania, and apparently of the same race. Some are pastoral in their habits, and mingle but little with the other populations. Some speak Greek as well as Vlach, and may practically be reckoned as part of the Greek element. Finally, on the West side of the peninsula, between the Adriatic and the great valley which runs North-West from Salonika to Pristina, one finds the Albanians, fierce mountaineers, mostly Muslims, but pretty

much the same in habits whether they are Musulmans or Christians, finding their chief pleasure in fighting, and diverted from their battles of clan against clan, only by the prospect of raiding the Christian peasantry of the lower country. Between them and districts chiefly peopled by their Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian neighbors, there is no boundary, either natural or legal; so that practically Albania must be considered as a part of Macedonia, just as the Scottish Highlands, though peopled by a different race and little controlled by the Stuart kings, were a part of Scotland and a potent factor of disorder in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. So the conditions of the Macedonian problem cannot be understood without realizing the restless activity and ferocious rapacity of these wild hillmen, a race of fine natural gifts and some primitive virtues, but at present a scourge to the country.

Each of these elements, to which one might add the Turkish, that is, the Mohammedan part of the population (small in the rural districts) is hostile to each of the others. The Vlachs are indeed too few and too backward to be of much account. But the Bulgarian is hated by the Servian, and still more bitterly hated by the Greek. The Servian and the Greek are less in contact, but love each other no better. The Albanian is impartial in his desire to rob and murder all three sets of Christians. Between the three Christian races there is no difference of creed, and practically none of ritual; for, though they belong to different ecclesiastical organizations, they are all members of the Orthodox Church of the East. Their antagonism is due to political rivalry. Each looks back to an Empire of the Middle Ages, the Bulgarians to the Tsar Simeon and the two Asens, the Servians to the great days of Stephen

Dushan, the Greeks to the East Roman Empire, which had its seat at Constantinople. Each aspires to make itself the ruling race, and renew the long-faded glories of its remote past. The Greeks are less sanguine than they were thirty years ago of creating an Empire, which shall rule Thrace as well as Greece from the Bosphorus. But they still dread the rise of the Slav power, which would take from them lands they deem debatable, and in which they form the most cultivated element.

Each of these nationalities uses its churches and its schools as means of a racial and political propaganda. Each finds in an existing State that nucleus for an extended kingdom which Italy found in Piedmont, and Germany found in Prussia. The Servians in Macedonia have the sympathy and may have the armed help, of their brethren in Servia, in seeking to expand the Servian kingdom. The Bulgarians of Macedonia have a similar and more energetic support from the Bulgarians of the Principality; and the Greeks of the Greek kingdom would, it is to be feared, rather see Macedonia Turkish, than see it either Servian or Bulgarian, because in the latter case the chances of the northward extension of Greece would be greatly reduced. It might seem natural to reconcile these conflicting claims by a partition of Macedonian territory between the three Christian elements. But, unluckily, none of these three elements is in the occupation of a well-defined or definable region. Over considerable districts Servians are mixed with Bulgarians, over other districts Bulgarians are mixed with Greeks, nor is any race disposed to make a friendly compromise with any of the others.

These ethnological data need to be stated, in order that the conditions of the problem to be ultimately solved



may be understood. But they do not constitute the immediate problem. They are not the cause of the present miseries and the present dangers. It suits the cynical politicians who would leave the Turks to carry out their programme of massacre and rapine, to put the discords of the Christian races in the foreground of the picture. But the real evil, the horrible reality which overshadows everything else, is the incurable misgovernment of the country, a misgovernment which is the result, not of stupidity or carelessness, but of a deliberate purpose to plunder the tillers of the soil for the benefit of a handful of landlords, tax-gatherers, and officials, coupled with the contempt of the armed Musulman for the defenceless Christian. There is no need to describe the forms which this misrule takes. They have been described over and over again during the last thirty years. They are substantially the same wherever in the Turkish empire there is a Christian population. They have been well sketched, as respects Macedonia, by Dr. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*, and by Mr. H. N. Brailsford in the *Fortnightly Review* for September. From the latter writer I take a sentence or two, which supplement the accounts that may be found in the British Consular Reports, not but what those Reports (which hardly any one reads) contain more than enough to show how shocking the situation is.

The Consuls hear nothing of these little village tragedies,—the stolen sheepskin coat, the hamstrung ox, the shady tree cut down, the watercourse diverted, the wife insulted and, it may be, violated, while the husband is in the field. They go on unmarked from day to day, and it is only when one sits down at leisure in a peasant hut, and overcomes

the shyness and suspicions of the owner, that one hears of them at all. They are neither interesting nor sensational, but it is this daily domestic oppression, much more than the startling and wholesale outrages, that has ground down the peasantry of Macedonia, crushed its spirit, its intelligence, its humanity, and made it what it is to-day—a maddened race of slaves, which is ready at length to commit any crime, to suffer any torture, if only it may be rid of the little tyrants of its fields, who eat its bread, consume its labor, and destroy its soul. No one of the Christian races which threw off the Turkish yoke in the course of the nineteenth century, has had quite so ample a justification for revolt as this Macedonian peasantry.

Justification, indeed! All the subject populations of Turkey have, for centuries past, had ample justification for revolt. Half of what is contained in the narratives of travellers, and in the Consular Reports, is enough to prove that; and the races which have suffered most are those which have remained longest under the yoke, because the completeness of their misery has left them least able to free themselves by arms. Yet the Prime Minister of England was ignorant enough, or thoughtless enough, to go out of his way, a few weeks ago, to declare in Parliament that, in the rebellion that has broken out, "the balance of criminality was on the side of the insurgents." True it is that some of the insurgent bands have done shocking things. But the cruelties perpetrated by the Turkish troops and officials, and that not only now, but during the many years of oppression that have provoked rebellion, have been far vaster in scale, as well as more wanton and atrocious, than can be laid at the doors of the insurrec-

<sup>1</sup> This unhappy phrase soon found its punishment, for the British Ambassador at Constantinople was presently directed to explain that it had not been intended to exonerate the Turks, but had been used solely for the purposes of

"esoteric parliamentary debate." In point of fact, it was needless for the purposes of debate, since no speaker had either attacked the Ministry, or attempted to adjust the balance of criminality.

tionary bands. Difficult as it has been to obtain trustworthy information of what has been passing since June last, there can be little doubt that, under Turkish orders, many thousands of innocent peasants, women and children as well as men, Greeks and Vlachs as well as Bulgarians, have, within the last few weeks, been slaughtered, hundreds of villages inhabited by non-combatants wilfully burned. The evidence given by the correspondents of the English papers, and particularly by the very capable correspondents of the *Times*, is conclusive. Should things go on during the next few months as they have during the last three, large part of Macedonia will be turned into a desert.

To all present appearances, things will go on as they have been going on. The revolutionaries are numerous and desperate, and the Bulgarian Principality will probably be drawn into the conflict by the feelings of a people who see their kinsfolk perishing. But the Turks have an enormous preponderance of force, and, being entirely reckless of consequences, may succeed in stamping out the insurrection, and with it great part of the population.

Can nothing then be done? Is the civilized West to look on as an indifferent spectator from week to week, and month to month, while atrocities continue, not less hideous than those the mere recital of which, long after they had happened, roused England to indignation in 1876?

Let us distinguish two questions, the second of which, though far more difficult than the first, is far less urgent. The first is, How can the slaughter be stopped, and a scheme devised which may secure the country some respite from its miseries? The second is, What shall be the ultimate political settlement of the conflicting claims

of the several races that occupy Macedonia, and of the two Great Powers that stand behind?

I. The one thing which is perfectly clear is, that the direct rule of the Turk must cease. The "bag and baggage" policy which Mr. Gladstone urged (and which he was attacked for urging), in 1876, the policy of getting the Turks out of the country altogether, was adopted for Bulgaria in 1878. It saved Bulgaria, whose peasantry have since then lived in peace and order. It was adopted for Eastern Rumelia, and it saved Eastern Rumelia. It has been adopted for Crete, and under it Crete is quiet. Nothing less will serve now. No paper reforms, no scheme, like that which the Turks, with suspicious readiness, accepted last Spring—for the appointment of an Ottoman official, taking his orders from Constantinople, to improve the local administration with the aid of a few European officers,—will be of the slightest use. All Turkish intervention, whether military or civil, must be ended, and control be placed in the hands of an European Governor, neither appointed by nor responsible to the Turks, who shall have command of an efficient gendarmerie, and of revenue sufficient to maintain it. The nominal suzerainty of the Sultan may remain. Any balance of revenue, over and above that which the needs of Macedonia require, may be remitted to him as tribute. If these concessions facilitate a settlement, let them be made. But the vital thing is to secure a complete deliverance from the *zaptieh*, from the tithe-farmer, from the rapacious official, from the troops who will not or cannot be restrained from outrage and murder.

It is not a question of Christian *versus* Musulman, for the Musulman will benefit, scarcely less than the Christian, from the substitution of

some civilized government for organized robbery.

If the Powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, or the two Powers in particular which, being nearest, are deemed to be chiefly concerned, desire to preserve the territorial *status quo* so far as titular sovereignty is concerned, and to reserve for the future the ultimate disposition of these regions, this is the quickest and simplest course to adopt. The Turk could not dream of resisting what the Powers, or even any two of the Powers, agreed in demanding; and no one will allege at this time of day that he has any rights that deserve to be regarded. He always has submitted when two or three Powers have conveyed their decision to him. He submitted in the Lebanon, in Eastern Rumelia, in Crete, and more than once where Greece was concerned.

Such an emancipation of Macedonia from the government to which her wretchedness is due, is all that need be pressed for at the present. It would stop murder and pillage. It would enable the villagers to return to their desolated homes, and resume the cultivation of their fields. It would, if the ruling hand were firm, impose a restraint on the rival racial propagandas, and it would remove, or at least postpone, the danger of a collision between the Great Powers who think their own interests involved.

Every one knows—none better than the Turks themselves—that Turkish rule in these provinces must before long come to its end. Why protract their agony now, when the cup of their misery has been filled to overflowing?

II. As for the more distant future of the country, that depends in the first instance upon the policies of Russia and of Austria. Assuming that those Powers would refrain from partitioning Macedonia between them—

and neither seems at present to contemplate such a step—there are two obvious courses open. One is, to allot to Bulgaria those districts which have a preponderatingly Bulgarian population; to Servia, those parts which are practically Servian by race; to Greece, a part of the south-west where the Greek element is influential, either entrusting Italy with a protectorate over Albania, or leaving it to itself, while establishing a strong line of frontier posts along its border to protect the villagers of the plains. The difficulties of delimitation (as has been indicated a few pages back) would be great, yet not insuperable; and although a Musulman minority would remain, especially in the towns, it must be remembered that Musulmans do not suffer under Christian rule, as the experience of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, and Crete, not to speak of Bosnia, has sufficiently proved.

The other course is, to turn Macedonia into an autonomous Principality, under a ruler approved by the Powers, who may, if so desired, own the Sultan as suzerain (as Bulgaria does now), establishing, when the fitting moment arrives, a constitution, similar to those which Roumania and Bulgaria have found it possible to work with a fair measure of success. Something may be said for each of these plans, but it is not necessary at present to decide between them, for the urgent and the indispensable task of the moment is to arrest the strife that is now proceeding, not, as some foreign cynics have suggested, by letting the Turk complete the work of extermination—for this is what "the suppression of rebellion" means—but by removing the causes which have made rebellion the only remedy for intolerable sufferings.

What is the duty of England? What help can she render? Her duty is undeniable, for it is chiefly through her

action in 1878 that these horrors exist in 1903. Painful as this fact is, it must be dwelt upon again and again; for it is the fact which makes the call of duty peremptory. But for the demand made by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and conceded at the Congress of Berlin, nearly all Macedonia would for the last quarter of a century have been a part of the Bulgarian Principality. Her people would have dwelt in peace; and the many thousands of innocent peasants, men, women and children, who have perished during the last six months, would now be living. Was there ever a blunder that had more dismal consequences, or that more clearly imposed on the nation answerable for it the duty of trying, so far as is still possible, to retrieve it?

Unhappily, it is harder to do good in 1903 than it was to do evil in 1878. The influence of England in the Near East has waned; and the predominant voice in the determination of the course of events in European Turkey now belongs to the two great military Powers whose dominions lie near that region. Whether isolated naval action by England would avail to save the Macedonians, is a question which need not at this moment be discussed. Such forcible action can hardly be expected from a Ministry which lacked the nerve to employ it in the autumn of 1895, when (as those who have the best right to know have stated) it would have succeeded in stopping the Armenian massacres. But the path of diplomatic action at least is open. What part the British Ministry have taken up to now in the dealings of the Powers with this matter, remains dark; for they have refused to tell Parliament anything.<sup>2</sup> It may be feared—it is indeed commonly believed—that they

have merely declared their acquiescence in whatever Russia and Austria have proposed, or have failed to propose. The time has surely come for taking a bolder line; and, believing that English opinion will support the Ministry that takes it, one may venture to hope that it will speedily be taken. There is reason to think that both France (however closely connected with Russia she feels herself to be) and Italy, in both of which countries public sentiment has been deeply stirred, would join England in urging the other Powers that signed the Treaty of Berlin to require the Turks at once to withdraw from Macedonia, and leave it to be administered under a scheme such as has been already sketched out. The peril is imminent, for Bulgaria may be at any moment drawn into the conflict; and every day sees hundreds of non-combatants slaughtered, women violated, villages destroyed, and the area of ruin extended. No one is entitled to suppose that Austria and Russia, callous as their policy has seemed to be during the last few months, will refuse to accede to such a proposal, coming from a Power which has the fullest right to make it, and has no selfish interest to serve. If they do refuse, on them let the guilt rest.

Be the result of her efforts what it may, England at least is bound to do her best to serve the interests of humanity—interests which seem to be so much less regarded in our days than they were forty years ago. Let England at least clear herself from the disgrace of having stood coldly or timorously by, while horrors, unexampled even in the East, are being perpetrated, a country devastated, a people blotted out.

*James Bryce.*

*The Independent Review.*

<sup>2</sup> When I thrice interrogated them on the subject, no information was given in reply.

## TATA.\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN AICARD.

X. THE VARIATIONS OF A MUSICIAN'S  
HEART.

Bounaud went on sneeringly: "Talk about a woman's courage! Here's a fine illustration of it. I counted on it just once, and I've been well repaid, yes, well repaid! I gave him my fortune, the scoundrel, and you have given him yours,—all we had left! Imbeciles that you are!"

He broke out into a laugh of contempt. "I said to myself—'Bounaud, put that dowry safely to one side: entrust it to the interested parties. They will be able to protect it.' And they gave it to him! Who would believe it? Yet I gave them fair warning."

He sprang to his feet and shouted furiously, "Why did you do it, Thérèse? You have simply ruined me! And you, Adèle, why did *you* do it? You gave the finishing stroke! Why, why did you give him the dowry,—the dowry,—the dowry?"

Then Thérèse found courage to speak, repeating in slightly altered words her eternal argument, "What would you have done in our place?"

Adèle, too, felt that the only possible excuse for them was there; and in her gentle voice she also repeated: "Yes, papa, what would you have done?"

Bounaud swelled with rage. He thought that his head was going to burst, that a stroke of apoplexy was coming; and it was in a voice of thunder that he answered: "You idiots! I should have done just the same!"

They only clung the closer to each other, while he began to stride up and down the room. "Oh, yes! I should have done just what you did and that was why I took my precautions! And

you have made them useless! You couldn't understand. You were more to blame than I, for I had warned you to be on your guard! You were bound by my very weakness, by the very fact that I had made over to you all my right to that money, by my confession of my own weakness, by my loss of all dignity! His sister's dowry! Gracious Heavens! But it means ruin, complete ruin! Go get me your thirty thousand francs, Adèle! They'll be a drop of pear-juice to our thirst—a last crumb of bread! I must keep them for you, put them carefully away, save them—from that pirate!"

Adèle had quite forgotten that one final confession was yet to be made, but her mother had never ceased to remember. "Courage, Adèle," she whispered.

Adèle left the room with the step of one walking in her sleep. Thérèse wondered whether she ought to prepare her husband, but while she was hesitating Adèle came swiftly back and handed her father the great pocket-book.

He received it grumbling under his breath, "Of this money he shan't have a sou, not a centime. It's all very well to work, but a man ought to have something laid by,—something for a rainy day."

Mechanically he opened the pocket-book and examined its contents. From business instinct he counted the sureties, without the faintest idea that he had yet to learn a further deficit. "But there are only twenty thousand francs here," he said, in a strained and choking voice, as if talking in his sleep. He fixed his eyes on Adèle, who bowed her head.

"And," he continued in a tone of

\* Translated for The Living Age.



stupefaction, completing the sentence which had been begun in his thought, "and when I asked if you had given him ten thousand, you said to me, 'Yes! You lied, you, you, you, Adèle. You lied, lied for him, to defend him, to excuse him! And what has he done for us, for you? He has taken away from me everything, even the honesty, even the truthfulness of my daughter!'"

He turned towards Thérèse. "And you, Thérèse, you knew that she lied, and by your silence you lied too! I have been deliberately, systematically cheated! Who would have believed—It's astounding! It's incredible! It's a farce! Nothing more nor less than a screaming farce! Well, I've nothing more to say to you two. You have your punishment, and it's enough! But let me once get hold of *him*—the cheat—the miscreant—the thief. Yes—*thief*, I say! He'll not get round me again. I swear it by God in Heaven!"

"Bounaud!" groaned Thérèse.

"Don't defend him, idiot that you are! I tell you that you would give him all the rest—and so would I!"

The postman's knock was heard at the outer door, and the postman's well-known voice called into the hall from below: "Monsieur Bounaud!"

All three rushed out upon the landing, and Adèle drew up the little basket which hung, suspended from a pulley, in the well of the staircase. Bounaud seized the letter upon which he recognized his son's handwriting.

"What infamous lie is he going to tell us now?" said he, holding the envelope in his hand, hesitating to open it, seized by a sudden terror of his own fate. Then slowly settling his spectacles into place—"I'm a fool, I know; but I haven't the courage! What's the great news he has to tell us? The success of the rehearsals? And how much can we believe of what he says? He'll vow the thing is a success, but it won't be true. He's a liar."

He broke the seal of the letter in tense anxiety. The women waited for him to speak, but knew well enough by the expression of his face that the longed-for triumph had not yet come.

"Poor fellow!" said Bounaud at last, "this is really not the moment to abandon him or reproach him! He is so unhappy! His opera did not succeed. It has been performed. He did not want to let us know the day, for fear we should worry—that shows his kindness of heart. He has spared us a great deal of anxiety. But it's all over,—a dead failure, or little short of it! Jealousy and envy—the same old story!"

He covered his eyes with his hands. The two women began to weep, and the father doubtless did the same. A great silence fell upon the trio. Suddenly Bounaud raised his head, and hastily brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"The poor boy will be here soon, of course. He needs rest and comfort—and he needs money. That's what it means to be an artist. You must be kind to him when he comes. Look cheerful, if you can manage it. It's at the hard moments of life that we ought to show our love. What would you have? You know what I mean—you two! You are a good sort, after all. What you have done for him in the past proves it. His opera has failed. Well, then, he'll write another! We must send him away comforted and encouraged. Great ills need strong remedies. When Napoleon was hard pressed, he just raised fresh armies—levied new taxes! We mustn't knock under! We will get him subscribers! Everybody will help us! Pelloquin will be the first to lend us a hand. You see how kind he has been in this matter of Adèle. His son is going to write to us. My impression now is that we would much better put off this marriage. Let Marius go to New York and make his fortune and then we'll

see. For money there must be, of course. You are good women, and brave women, very brave. I'm very much pleased with you."

They rushed to embrace him, moved by an impulse of profound gratitude. He endured their caresses for a moment, then pushed them gently away. "All right! That's enough! Don't hang round me! Don't be theatrical: but prepare to welcome Pierre."

"What day is he coming?"

"All he says is 'Soon: within a few days,' but here is his letter, you can read for yourselves. And don't forget that before everything we must look cheerful."

Thérèse seized her husband's hand and kissed it stealthily before he could draw it away.

"Oh, I always knew," she exclaimed with fervor, "that you were as good as gold."

"I am not a bad man, I fancy," replied simple Bounaud.

A knock at the door announced another letter; brought, this time, by one of Pelloquin's clerks. Marius had not come in person, and it was a bad sign. He found it easier to write. All three had the same thought at the same time. They guessed what must be the purport of a letter so sent.

Bounaud dismissed the bearer by a gesture.

"There's no answer?" said the man.

"None," replied Bounaud.

All three fell unconsciously into the self same posture, in which they had listened when the elder Pelloquin said: "My son will decide for himself." Bounaud finally broke the seal, and a long and impressive silence ensued.

"Of course!" he said at last with extreme bitterness, "Marius is off for America!"

He quite forgot how lately he had expressed himself as wholly in favor of this voyage.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Thérèse.

Adèle buried herself in her mother's breast and lost herself in that love which comforts us for the lack of every other.

#### XI. BOUNAUD LOSES HIS TEMPER ONCE FOR ALL.

Every day the women went to the Haymarket and waited for the diligence to come in. It would come down the narrow Rue Royale, its roof on a level with the second story windows of the houses, jolting along the hard, uneven paving, white with a dust which almost concealed the canary yellow and olive green in which it was painted. Tired faces were to be seen, framed in the little windows, tired but radiant with the joy of arrival; and among these faces the two women watched for that of their dearly-loved prodigal.

"Ah, well! It's not for to-day: it will be to-morrow. He has so many things to arrange down there. Something has kept him. It's strange though that he didn't write to explain his delay. But he likes to take us by surprise, you know. It's his way."

One day they had been hindered, but were setting out at last, when, on their own door-sill, they were stopped by a neighbor. "The diligence has been in a long time," said she. "My god-daughter came by it, and has been at my house for an hour. If she had seen your son she would have told me: depend upon it."

The clock had played them false. Their marvellous clock was no longer to be depended upon. Their expedition was proved futile and they reentered the house.

"Well," demanded Bounaud, "nothing yet?"

They explained what had happened, concluding, as always, with the words, "It will be to-morrow." At the same instant Pierre called up from below, "It's I. I've come!"

"Oh, heavens! What can the foolish woman have meant?"

The table, since he had been expected, had been kept constantly laid. They themselves lunched off the bare wood; but as soon as they had finished Mme. Bounaud and Adèle would take from one of the presses a nice tablecloth woven of fine linen which had been spun by Bounaud's mother, and with the greatest care they would unfold and lay it on the table, then place upon it with mathematical precision glass, plate and silver dish-cover, fruit heaped in a bowl of Glen pottery, and flanking this a bunch of roses. The time was May-time.

Then each evening, since he did not come, before it was time to serve their own dinner the two women would take off "Pierre's cloth," and fold it up carefully again in the same folds. The very altar-cloths in church, laid for the service of our Lord himself, did not receive more scrupulous attention at their hands.

All three had rushed to the landing, where Pierre appeared at the same instant as they. All three were pale, but he was calm and smiling. His father was the first to clasp him in his arms.

"How are you?" he murmured questioningly. "Vanquished, but full of courage, I hope."

"Bah! No one ever succeeds the first time," returned Pierre with a levity which could not fail to wound the father whom he should have tried to comfort. He added with his exasperating fatuity:—"Read the biography of any famous composer. You will find that it's always the same story."

"That shows you don't mean to give up the struggle: I like that. Bravo!" said the father.

It was the women's turn to embrace him. "Now leave him to me," said Bounaud, jealously; "and come have something to eat."

They left the landing for the dining-room. "You see your place is always laid," said his mother, "always. Here everything is waiting for you as well as we."

"Come, eat a little something," said the father.

"Nothing makes one as hungry as travelling," insisted Thérèse.

"Thank you. I'm not hungry."

"Aren't you feeling well?"

"Perfectly well, thank you. I'm simply not hungry."

"He's so glad to see us again!" said his mother.

Bounaud frowned. "Did he get luncheon after leaving the diligence?" he asked himself. "That would account for his delay. But, no. It's impossible."

"A little coffee?" Thérèse suggested.

Pierre drew from his pocket his elegant cigar-case. Bounaud made a grimace.

"Oh, you can smoke here," said his mother. "We don't mind smoke."

"She doesn't know what she is saying," said Bounaud placidly. "You are the only person who ever smoked here."

"Yes, I remember. You only take snuff," said Pierre; and there was no trace in the tone with which the phrase was uttered of the respect which provincial youths are expected to show to their fathers.

Bounaud gave the young man a side-long glance. Decidedly his dandified airs failed to please him on closer acquaintance. Once more he received, but more sharply, more cruelly, the same impression of shallowness, the same disillusion which he had once before experienced on the occasion of Pierre's former visit, before he had heard his opera and allowed himself to fall under the spell of his son's professional eloquence.

Pierre sat there with his legs crossed, his patent-leather boots protruding

from his big-checked trousers, and lit a cigar at the little taper which Adèle presented him.

Suddenly Bounaud remarked:—"Marius is going away for two years. He is going to America."

The two women trembled and exchanged glances.

"Who's Marius?" queried Pierre scornfully. "Marius," he repeated, and laughed. "That's a name that reeks Provence. Fairly made of garlic, isn't it?"

By disowning his province he fancied that he was proving himself a Parisian.

"He is your sister's betrothed," said Bounaud in a tone so calm and cold that, considering his provocation, Thérèse was amazed, and rendered more uneasy than she would have been by an exclamation of impatience.

Adèle also felt herself becoming uneasy.

"And so Marius is going away?" said Pierre.

"For two years."

"But why?"

Bounaud looked his son full in the face and answered slowly:—"Because your sister has only twenty thousand francs of her dowry left, and he is going, so he says, to try and make a little fortune in America. He merely wrote us about his plans. He did not come to tell us."

Pierre did not wince. His conscience did not prick him. He playfully blew a puff of smoke into his sister's face, and she only laughed and said: "Oh, you can if you like. I don't mind, I assure you! Quite the contrary."

Without even turning towards his father, Pierre said slowly: "I hope he'll have better luck than I."

"So do I," agreed Bounaud, and he set his teeth as if he were determined to keep back the conclusion of his thought.

Controlling his growing exasperation

by a superhuman effort, the father presently resumed: "So you aren't going to take any lunch to-day?"

"I've had my lunch."

"I thought so," said his father, "and where?"

"When I got to Toulon: at the *Croix de Malte*." The young man seemed to attach no kind of importance to the incident.

Bounaud's dry reply was cold as steel. "Oh, really! At the *Croix de Malte*? And do they have good things to eat at the *Croix de Malte*?"

Pierre did not perceive his father's irritation. The two women were not so blind. They knew that Bounaud was far more terrible like this than in one of his rages. They stood by, full of alarm, ready to fly to the assistance of "the boy."

Thérèse tried to divert the conversation, but this time her intervention lacked tact:—"You don't notice how his manners have improved. You haven't paid him a single compliment on them. He looks taller. Isn't it strange? Handsomer he certainly is."

"He's so well dressed," Bounaud interrupted. "A good tailor always makes the most of a man. And I understand that the tailor is a necessity of his position," he continued, as if soliloquizing in his customary strain of boundless indulgence towards his son.

Then in an altered tone, impatient to be done with the matter: "So then, you have nothing to say to us, to your mother, or me? Above all, to your sister?"

"Really, papa. I don't see—"

"Then what have you come here for?"

"To tell you of all my exertions," replied Pierre, without an instant's embarrassment, "my labors, my struggles, my final success which remains uncertain indeed, but seems more than probable; and also to make one more appeal for money to you, or to our

friends, if your resources, father, are exhausted—" Pierre noted a movement of impatience on his father's part, and one of dread on that of his mother and sister. The remainder of his explanation was given without a single pause.

"I imagined too, of course, that you would be glad to see me; and in order to make my journey here and back as speedily as possible, for on my prompt return to Paris depends the possibility of my being able to make favorable arrangements for the production of my opera at Brussels and perhaps at St. Petersburg—for these reasons I hired a post-chaise. I must be off again in three days, so as not to add to the expense of the journey."

It was all perfectly clear. He had been afraid that he should be detained by his family, and had therefore chosen a means of conveyance which would necessitate the briefest possible delay. When pressed for an explanation, he had at once made his announcement in order to forestall any invitation to make a prolonged stay. The father understood it all perfectly well. He saw his son with new eyes. The illusion of love no longer lay between them; his vision was clear and true.

"And so," said he with feigned tranquillity, while his left hand twirled his snuff-box between the thumb and forefinger of his right, "so, you haven't seen us for more than two years, and you preferred to eat your dinner in the town rather than to make your best speed home, and ask for a bite at the house out of which your parents will soon be turned for your sake!"

Thérèse uttered a piercing cry. Bonnaud turned toward her and continued with greater vehemence:—

"Well, yes! That was what I did not want to tell you, Thérèse; that was what has made me for some time past nervous, impatient and unjust towards our daughter and towards you." He wheeled round again

upon his son, and added, in bitterly ironical accents:—

"You don't know, perhaps, that we have rented the parlor as a furnished bed-room to get money for you? Oh, that makes a certain impression, does it? Yesterday I learned, by mere chance, that the women here have sold some of the beautiful old linen that your grandmother and your mother spun. And all the same it is for you that they cover the table where you refuse to eat with a tablecloth—one of the two which are left. The rest of us dine off the bare boards. Does that make any impression on you? Almost all our silver is gone. There are, however, four dishes left. They are the last of our luxuries. Will you have them?"

Between the four persons present a deathlike silence fell. Bonnaud looked fixedly at Pierre; Pierre with equal intentness at the smoke of his cigar, which he no longer dared to raise to his lips. Then Bonnaud resumed:—

"You hired—how many thousand francs did it cost you?—a post-chaise to come to Toulon, instead of taking the diligence like the rest of the world. Prudently you insured yourself against the chance that we might want to keep you with us for a while. This is the way you ruin the happiness, the peace, the lives of your old mother and your sister—while you smoke cigars which cost—how much apiece?"

Pierre turned pale. At last he understood, and in his turn he stammered: "Father—" Finding nothing further to say he rose, but Bonnaud remained seated.

"Oh, I understand your silence since you have been in Paris. I understand that and a good many other things too. I understand everything now, though I have been so slow to learn. You have returned no answer to our effusive letters. You did not think them in good taste. They seemed to you



ridiculous. One day you dared to write to me—à-propos of somebody or something, I don't remember what—that effusiveness was not genteel. Well-bred people, it appears, are cold and tranquil and never show their feelings. They never talk about love. Possibly they know nothing about it either. Down here, we are mere plebeians, provincial artisans, and Provençals at that, far too demonstrative as everybody knows, the commonest kind of common folk, for whom you blush, M. le marquis Pierrot de la Pasquinade."

The last supreme insult came out from between the father's clenched teeth as if spued from his mouth.

Pierre started to reply. Bounaud got up, and eyeing him from head to foot in scorn as he towered above him, continued:—

"So you expect you are going to keep on diverting yourself in Paris with your dancing-girls and your singing-girls, under cover of your opera, and you think that you'll get my friends to furnish you with money after having stolen your sister's dowry!"

Pierre threw away his cigar, and cast a furious glance at his sister. He fancied she had told their father of his crime, and he stamped with his foot:—"No man steals from his sister!" cried he. "What I took from her she would have given me herself!"

Misled by a word, Pierre had betrayed himself. The two women felt their strength failing them. Bounaud started,—then awaited the sequel, even while refusing to believe his ears.

Pierre continued his explanation:—"What I took from my sister she would have given me herself. That is perfectly certain. I told her myself what I had done, being perfectly certain beforehand that she would have no objections, and all she said was—I remember her words perfectly—she said, 'Why did you deprive me of the pleasure of giving it to you myself?

Did you doubt my willingness?' I think those were her exact words. And so I will not endure the word *stolen*, father. It is unjust, it is degrading: and you will regret having used it. Furthermore, I am surprised that my sister should have thought it necessary to tell you what of her own accord she had promised to keep to herself and even to forget."

Bounaud had raised his two arms to the ceiling. He let them fall again in utter discouragement and began soliloquizing. "Is it possible! Is it possible! But when I said *stolen* I myself thought I was speaking in anger, blind anger. I never dreamed that it was literally true. But it is true and he admits it!"

Hurrying to where Adèle stood, he pressed her to his heart. "And you didn't lie to me when you said that you'd only given him ten thousand francs. He took, took from your desk, from your drawer, took, *stole* the other ten thousand! He stole, stole, stole your dowry! The dowry, which is always sacred money! Oh, to think of it!"

The sense of honor of the old tradesman who had once been an artisan had risen in revolt. For the moment he saw nothing but the enormity of his son's conduct. For the time being he saw in him not the artist, the musician, the composer, but merely a man capable of—embezzlement. His hideous abuse of trust, that was all he saw. And the guilty man was his son!

In the passionless, pitiless voice of a judge, he delivered his verdict: "Down on your knees before the women, sir, and ask their pardon in a loud, distinct voice, at once. And when you have done that leave this house and never darken its doors again. We shall be on the other side of them soon ourselves and forever, for the failure of your piece means the foreclosure of the mortgages. The house is loaded

with them and will be sold over our heads. Down on your knees at once, and say 'Pardon!'"

The young "lion" was chiefly impressed by the absurdity of the scene. He shrugged his shoulders. Of course he was sorry to have given occasion for such a rigmarole. He pitied his parents. But the imperious vocation of a child frequently necessitates sacrifices. His genius certainly merited those which had been made for him. He was responsible neither for the exigencies of life nor for the imperious demands of his destiny. "What a row," his thoughts ran, "about ten thousand francs more or less!" And he wondered, "Is he going to curse me, like the fathers in the Greuze pictures? Provence is certainly behind the times!"

The youth's reflections were absolutely devoid of malice. This was merely his way of looking at things. "They are certainly giving me a warm welcome!" he went on musing.

"I'm waiting," said Bounaud.

"I am no longer a child, father," retorted the dandy in impatient anger, as he started for the door.

The phrase broke down the barriers of Bounaud's self-restraint. All the violence which, by sheer force of will, he had kept within bounds during the last half hour, now burst forth. When he was forty Bounaud, though he had never told this to his children, Bounaud had himself received a knock-down blow from his father, old Etienne, out in the open street, for having said to him: "You are tiresome."

He felt the blood of the old blacksmith boil within him. "No longer a child, do you say? I am very glad of it!" and with a plebeian's instinct he tore off his coat:—

"You're a man, are you? Well, you are going to find out the kind of blows that a blacksmith's son can deal, my fine fellow! Down on your knees, at

once, or I'll knock you down! Hold your tongues, you two!"

The two women protested by inarticulate cries and helpless sobs. They clung to his garments; he freed himself, and seizing his son by the collar forced him down on both knees before them. "Say, 'Forgive me,' or I strike."

Pierre, bewildered, not really angry, but thoroughly vexed and humiliated, allowed his father to do with him what he liked without resisting even in thought. He was like a bit of bark brought down by a mountain torrent, and which bobs along without thought and without suffering; the physical shock which he had sustained had deprived him of all power of reflection. But he was determined not to humiliate himself to the point of allowing the word "Pardon" to pass his lips. He remained motionless and silent.

"*'Forgive me, mother!'*" dictated the elder man. "Louder! Speak up! I didn't hear!"

"He said it, Bounaud!" murmured Thérèse, in a faint voice.

"*'Forgive me, sister!'*" insisted the old man.

"He said it, papa!" whispered Adèle. Both women had lied, of course, but quite unconsciously.

Bounaud stood Pierre up on his feet again, half strangling him by his grip on his shirt collar:—"Now, out of this house! And may I never see you again, living or dead!"

"With all my heart," reflected the incorrigible Pierre to himself. "They can be mighty sure that I shall never come near their old barrack again."

"You are looking at me for the last time," cried Bounaud, seizing him by the shoulder, and turning him round till they were face to face with countenances almost touching.

"Now, look well at me!"

He pushed him out of the door and locked it behind him. Then the mother's strength failed her, and she

sank fainting at her husband's feet. Adèle bent over her with consoling words, crying herself as she tried to unfasten her dress.

"Poor women! Poor dear women!" murmured Bounaud, and he began to weep himself like a child.

At the sound of his sobs Thérèse opened her eyes. "I don't say anything, Bounaud: I haven't said any-

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thing," she sighed. "You are the master, the only master here—I didn't say anything—I know—I know perfectly well that you will give him back to me."

Bounaud made no answer, and with Adèle's assistance, he cared for his wife as though he had been all his life a professional nurse or a sister of charity.

(To be continued.)

### OLD-FASHIONED ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A "Woman's Paper" of a few weeks ago contained a complaint that the modern girl, on leaving school, is not "accomplished as were women of the upper classes in older generations," and more than hints that hockey and other games are responsible for this unaccomplished condition. Perhaps it may be worth while to inquire a little into the real nature of the accomplishments thus regretted. The word at once recalls a conversation that occurs in *Pride and Prejudice*.

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, 'how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are. . . . They all paint tables, cover screens and net purses. I scarcely know anyone who cannot do all this.' . . . 'Your list of the common extent of accomplishments,' said Darcy, 'has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen.' "

The accomplishment of netting purses has unquestionably died out; and the home-covered screen has been for the most part superseded—not unhappily—by the painted or embroidered one. These, however, are not the only obsolete accomplishments once practised by

English girls; and persons who look back so regretfully upon the ways of "older generations" may perhaps be restored to cheerfulness by a little study of *The Girl's Own Book*, as that work appeared in early editions. The volume was originally compiled in America by Mrs. Child, the Abolitionist, and contains internal evidence of having been, for its time, "advanced." The edition before me is the eighth, published in London by Thomas Tegg—a piratical person, it is to be feared, who probably paid Mrs. Child nothing—in the year 1835. It contains, by way of frontispiece, a portrait of the Princess Victoria, wearing a very large hat and very small sandal shoes, and is "embellished with 144 woodcuts." The British Museum has nothing earlier than the thirteenth edition, with a new editress and many alterations.

This little square volume, the corners of whose pages are worn to roundness by the fingers of two generations, is divided into several sections, and, sad to say, the first of these is—*Games*! But let the lover of the past take courage; the games of 1835 are not the games of 1903. The leading feature of these pastimes is the "paying of forfeits," and on page 95 directions for

this process appear. "It is extremely difficult," remarks Mrs. Child, "to find such forfeits as are neither dangerous not unladylike." Judging by the samples given it would appear even more difficult to find any which could conceivably afford amusement either to performer or to onlooker. As a mere intellectual exercise, hockey is infinitely superior.

After *Games*, comes a section devoted—the differentiation is suggestive—to *Active Exercises*, among which is included Cup-and-Ball. In this division Mrs. Child—a born reformer—exhibits views of a daring kind. Under the head of Bow-and-Arrow, she remarks: "Of all things in the world, health is the most important. I fear our little girls do not take enough exercise in the open air." She proceeds to give a series of exercises, with and without apparatus, and describes them as "Calisthenic." "This hard name," she explains, "is given to a gentler sort of gymnastics suited to girls. The exercises have been very generally introduced into the schools of England. Many people think them dangerous because they confound them with the ruder and more daring gymnastics of boys; but such exercises are selected as are free from danger; and it is believed that they tend to produce vigorous muscles, graceful motion, and symmetry of form." Several of the exercises are illustrated, and No. 13 actually shows a short-waisted and short-sleeved young lady swinging on a horizontal bar, her minute feet well off the ground.

The fourteen pages devoted to *Active Exercises* are succeeded by ten dealing with *Baskets*, and twenty-one dealing with *Ornaments*. Here, then, we come to the "accomplishments" of the "older generations," the "elegant" and "ladylike" employments of those leisure hours which seem to have been so enviably numerous.

We begin with Moss baskets, made of cardboard, "neatly lined" and covered with bunches of dried moss, sewn or glued on. Imitation moss, we are instructed, may be made of worsted, knitted, "washed and dried by a gentle heat in order to keep it curled," then unravelled and sewn on in bunches. Mrs. Child reports that she has seen baskets of this kind with colored chalk eggs lying in them. "I thought them extremely pretty, but I should not have thought them so had they been *real* eggs stolen from a poor suffering bird." Alum baskets appear to be merely baskets of wicker or wire rendered ornamental—and useless—by being first wound round with worsted and then suspended in a jar containing saturated solution of alum. The alum, which may be previously colored, will form crystals all over the basket; and it is noted that "a group of crystals of different colors form a very pretty ornament for a chimney-piece. They must be made by suspending some rugged substance, such as a peach-stone, a half-burned stick, &c., in the boiling solution." Allspice baskets are to be composed of allspice berries, softened by soaking in brandy, and strung on slender wire "twisted into such a form as you please." "A gold bead between every two berries gives a rich appearance." One may venture to surmise that the soaking in brandy must also have given a rich and highly refined perfume. Bead baskets are to be made in a similar manner. Rice or shell baskets again demand a cardboard foundation papered over. This is to be "covered with grains of rice, bugles of different colors" (does the bugle, that elongated bead of our childhood, still exist?), "or very small delicate shells, put on with gum and arranged in such figures as suit your fancy." Of the Wafer basket the frame is once more made of cardboard "bound neatly at the edges with gilt

paper," a material copiously employed in the decorative labors of 1835. Having prepared the framework, "take the smallest wafers you can get," make them according to a prescribed method, into outstanding stars or rosettes, and "when you have enough prepared, wet the bottoms and fasten them on the basket in such forms as you please. . . . The handle may be decorated in the same manner as the basket," but "if it is likely to be handled much," Mrs. Child wisely advises that it should rather be ornamented with ribbon. This advice recalls the "filigree basket" manufactured by Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond as a birthday present for her cousin Bell, and the uneasiness of the maker when her father "rather roughly" took hold of the handle. "Starting off the coach seat, she cried, 'Oh, sir! father! sir! You will spoil it indeed,' said she with increased vehemence, when, after drawing aside the veil of silver paper, she saw him grasp the myrtle-wreathed handle. 'Indeed, sir, you will spoil the poor handle.' 'But what is the use of the poor handle,' said her father, 'if we are not to take hold of it? And pray,' continued he, turning the basket round with his finger and thumb, in rather a disrespectful manner, 'pray is this the thing you have been about, all this week? I have seen you, all this week, dabbling with paste and rags; I could not conceive what you were about. Is this the thing?'"

Miss Edgeworth, it is to be feared, would have read with little respect the directions for basket-making in *The Girl's Own Book*. These are not yet exhausted. There are enumerated baskets of melon-seeds, of feathers, of cloves—on the pattern of the allspice basket—of straw, of lavender and—most mysterious—of straw and "millinet"; these last being admittedly "fragile things intended rather for ornament than use." Finally there are

Paper-ball baskets and Paper-rosette baskets. Both belong to the favorite type; the cardboard frame, covered with paper and bound to taste with a gilt edging, being used as a background for gummed-on decorations. These decorations consist, in the latter case, of rosettes produced by artful folding of narrow strips of paper, and in the former of "little rolls of paper about as large as a quill and as long as your nail. . . . These little rolls are made to keep together by means of gum arabic. When of different colored paper and neatly made they are rather pretty." This description serves to elucidate a dark passage of Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, where Miss Lucy Steele is engaged like Rosamond in making a "filigree" basket, and Miss Elinor Dashwood helps her to "roll her papers."

The elaborate construction of the paper-rosette basket forms the climax and conclusion of the article *Baskets*; and we pass on to *Ornaments*, reflecting, perhaps, as we turn the leaf, that not one of these baskets would serve to carry anything, that none of them would bear thoroughly washing, and that most of them seem especially designed for the collection of dust.

Among ornaments the first place is given to Imitation China. The requisites are "a prettily shaped tumbler of clear glass," an engraving to be colored "as much like china as you can," gold paper, and "gold paper edging." The engraving is fitted in to the tumbler, the necessary joins covered by a strip of gold paper, and a band of the same employed to cover the glass base of the tumbler, while gold paper binds together glass and paper at the top. A circle of white paper nicked like a jam-pot cover, is pressed into the bottom, and "when it is finished not one in a hundred could tell it from French china without close examination." To this art also Miss Austen makes allu-



sion; the Misses Bennet, waiting in their aunt's drawing-room for the gentlemen to come in from the dinner-table, "had nothing to do but wish for an instrument and examine their own indifferent imitations of china on the mantel-piece." Let it not, however, be hastily supposed that such chimney ornaments served no purpose. Mrs. Child points out that they form "pretty receptacles" for "alumets." By the elegant name of "alumets" Mrs. Child denotes those "candle-lighters" or "spills" which Miss Matty, of Cranford, piqued herself upon making "of colored paper so as to resemble feathers." Mrs. Child, after candidly owning that "these colored papers are principally for show," instructs us how to produce amazing effects. "Two papers of different colors wound on the same stem, or gold paper and white paper wound together, are," she observes, "very beautiful." Having sufficiently adorned the parlor mantel-piece with "alumets" stuck into tumblers of imitation china, a young lady might turn her attention to making a straw cottage. She would run straws through a cardboard foundation, and through a roof of thick drawing-paper, and would gum flat straws upon this roof and its gable ends. Persons of enterprise might go so far as to construct "little temples, summer-houses and pagodas after a similar fashion, with round or six-sided roofs, and an acorn or some little ornament gummed upon the top." "A cottage looks pretty with very, very little artificial flowers introduced among the straws to imitate woodbine."

Passing by the manufacture of paper handscreens—in which gold paper once more plays an important part—we come to paper cuttings. Paper is to be cut into the honeycomb pattern which some of us are old enough to remember as adorning fire-grates in remote country lodgings. Mrs. Child is of

opinion that "strips of light green paper cut in this way and hung in festoons about mirrors, pictures, entry lamps, &c., look very pretty." A variety of paper cutting produces candle ornaments—a kind of eight-petalled blossom with the candle as pistil. These may be dyed to "the bright green usually sold" or to a "fine yellow." Lacework cuttings are also recommended; made of tissue paper they may serve as "a very tasteful ornament for candlesticks," and their beauty will be "greatly increased by dipping into hot spermaceti." "Some people obtain glass dust from the glass-house and sprinkle it on while the spermaceti is warm. It looks very brilliant, but is apt to fall in a warm room." Quitting the subject of cut paper, we enter a region of science. We engrave eggshells by sketching on them with melted tallow and leaving the eggshell to soak in very strong vinegar until the acid eats away the ungreased surface; we make a lead-tree, a tin-tree or a silver-tree by suspending zinc wire in the appropriate solution and suffering branching crystals to form themselves upon it as on a stem. The destination of these objects is not expressly mentioned, but no doubt they would find a resting-place upon some mantel-shelf. Various branches of artistic decoration close the section. There is Poonah painting, in which color is scrubbed on as dry as possible through the holes of a succession of paper stencil-plates; shadow landscapes, in which the light parts of a traced or copied picture are cut away and the paper then held up to the light; paper landscapes, in which the shadows are formed by varied thicknesses of stuck-on paper which exhibit gradations of shade when light shines through; and—horrible to relate—pomatum landscapes, in which a card is first spread with pomatum as a slice of bread with butter, then rubbed over with a coarse lead pencil, and finally

has the light parts of the intended landscape scraped away with a knife or needle. Whether this appalling production was to be hung on a wall is not explained. This series of landscapes is succeeded by a series of boxes—boxes of white wood whereon the background of some outline drawing is painted black to look "like ebony inlaid with ivory"; scrap boxes, stuck over with bits "cut from engravings" and afterwards highly varnished; boxes to the top of which engravings are transferred with inordinate pains and care, and an enormous expenditure of coats of varnish.

To the section *Ornaments* succeeds one even longer, dealing with puzzles, riddles, charades, &c., that would have delighted the heart of Harriet Smith; and after this we arrive at needlework. Here we feel how great is the change wrought by the sewing-machine. "Every little girl before she is twelve years old," we are told, "should know how to cut and make a shirt with perfect accuracy and neatness." In these days shirtmaking has passed entirely into the domain of commerce, and it may well be doubted whether the brother exists who would consent to wear a shirt manufactured at home by even the most accomplished of sisters. "At the infant schools in England," Mrs. Child assures us, "children of three and four years old make miniature shirts about big enough for a large doll. . . . I have seen a small fine linen shirt made with crimson silk by an English child of five years old, and it was truly beautiful." One cannot help wondering how much of the bad eyesight now being observed and cared for may perhaps be due to the work at three, four, and five years old, of our grandmothers, upon "fine linen" shirts, with careful takings up of two threads and passings over of four threads.

Bags, reticules, purses, pin-cushions, and pen-wipers are next described in

great variety, and sometimes in terms so mysterious that the natural curiosity of woman invites us to lay down the pen, seek needle, silk, ribbon, &c., and try, by experiment, to arrive at the meaning of these strange directions.

Articles follow about bees, silkworms, and gardening. These are chiefly remarkable for a singular absence of practical instruction. We are, indeed, told not to sprinkle the mulberry leaves upon which our silkworms are to be fed: but the whole duty of the young lady gardener would seem to lie in gathering seeds when ripe and dry: "doing up" these seeds in "strong paper carefully folded that they may not be split," and writing upon them "neatly" the name, season, and height of the plant.

The volume concludes with a couple of fables, a set of verses, and two stories, which were greatly beloved, many years ago by the present critic of "The Girl's Own Book," but which its second editor saw fit to eliminate from all late editions.

Can any person seriously regret that girls have dropped the "accomplishments" indicated by this excellently intended little book? Does not the heart sink at the accumulation of trumpery with which industrious girls may, under its guidance, have encumbered the houses of their parents or of their newly married husbands? Think of the little gimcrack baskets, the imitation china and "alumets," the paper foliage hanging round candlesticks and shedding glass-dust as the room grew warm, the engraved boxes, the mess of varnish and gold paper, the odious little "landscapes" that aimed at producing effects in any conceivable way other than that of learning to draw! We live, it may be, in an age of deteriorating manners, of slang, of games unfemininely rough: but at least we have escaped living in the age of filigree baskets.

**W. E. H. LECKY.**

The learned world has lost one of its conspicuous figures in William Lecky, who was born near Dublin on March 26th, 1838, and died on Thursday last week. Lecky was, if not the greatest, certainly the best-known Anglo-Irish historian of the present day. As a member of Parliament, so long as his health permitted, he commanded the respect of all parties and all kinds of men. At the same time he was so distinctive and peculiar a figure, so unlike either the typical Englishman or the typical Irishman, that it is well worth while to say a word here concerning his youth and education.

His ancestors were among the Elizabethan settlers who acquired land in the counties of Cork and Carlow, and when he went to college it was understood that he was being educated to occupy a family living in the Irish Church. He was, it appears, at school at Cheltenham, but he never referred to those early days, and it is hard to conceive of so shy and distant a youth as popular among his fellows. When he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a fellow commoner, his mother (then Lady Carnwath) was settled near the city. There followed him into college a younger brother of a very different type—a gay, hardy, sporting youth, who despised his quiet brother, and lived out his short and stormy life in the 78th Highlanders. Lecky is still well remembered living in Trinity College and dining at the Fellows' table, gentle and reserved in manner, yet not without a flavor of stand-off dignity, which kept him free from intrusion. He never condescended to set himself in competition with his fellows in honor or prize examinations, and passed through with an ordinary degree, though he was well known to be a studious youth, and

more learned than many successful class-fellows. His only intellectual exercising ground was the College Historical Society, where he at once made his mark as a fluent (perhaps too fluent) speaker. His friendly foes in these early exercises were David Plunkett (Lord Rathmore), Edward Gibson (Lord Ashbourne), Gerald Fitzgibbon (Lord Justice), and others as brilliant, whom the scythe of Time has cut down among us. Lecky always held a leading place among these brilliant boys, who formed a group not equalled in the college since that time. They used to hear him walking up and down his room declaiming his speeches; they used to see him studying in the library books not in the college course. The few that were intimate with him used to take long walks with him—he despised all games and sports, and felt that he had no gifts for them—and then was heard that limpid flow of conversation for which he was ever after remarkable. He was always full not only of information, but also of insight into characters and of sympathy, not without a vein of urbane humor, which often relieved the monotony of his placid and passionless utterance. He was known, when a student, to be preparing something on the political aspects of the Union; but when he left, and his first book came out, it made no impression upon those who already knew his views from his many speeches and conversations in college. He then became a wandering student, in search of rare things in foreign libraries; he had long abandoned all intention of being ordained, and it was something of a surprise when his book on the "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe" (1865) took the world by storm.

Meanwhile a most happy marriage had turned him from a recluse into the master of a friendly and hospitable house, and he began to resuscitate the old acquaintances of his college days, who became his lifelong friends. His dinner-table was the meeting-place of all the literary respectability of the country. When he was persuaded by the urgency of his college friends to enter the House of Commons, he was the valued adviser of Unionist politicians; for his transparent honesty and his manifest indifference to all posts and emoluments made him trusted even by politicians to whom such unworldliness must have seemed a strange and eccentric want of common sense. It is to be feared that his assiduous performance of his Parliamentary duties may have shortened his precious life, for nothing would persuade him, though his University was no taskmaster, and only wanted his presence on special occasions, that his party must not command his constant presence. His health, however, began to fail some years ago, and few of his friends were surprised at his somewhat sudden death.

It remains for us to characterize him in a few words as an author and as a man. Discounting for the moment his stillborn essay upon Grattan and O'Connell (1861), we may divide his literary work into three stages. The first—that of his book on Rationalism and “History of European Morals” (1869), was his epoch as a social philosopher. Both these books have the fascination not only of an easy and flowing style, which he pruned most carefully, but, what is more important, of a genius for selecting and ordering the facts which were of real interest, while all dull details were laid aside. This it was which secured for him a large circle of readers. It must at the same time be conceded that the defects of his education were manifest

enough to those who probed beneath the placid surface of his work. His want of training in the ethics which he could have learnt so well in the honor classes of his college made his judgments often superficial, while his ignorance of German precluded him from using the valuable materials which should have been ready to his hand. Hence it is that neither book, in spite of its attractions, has become a classic. When we come to his second period—that of the “History of England in the Eighteenth Century” (1878-90)—we find him at his best. His genius for selection of facts, and his felicitous ordering of them, are combined with philosophic estimate of human character and great spiritual movements. His chapter, for example, on Chatham and Wesley will surely keep its hold on the English people for a long time, and so will his calm discussion of the advantages of government by party. In one part of this great work only he has deliberately sacrificed his grace of style, and given a mere record of the documents appertaining to the Irish Union debate. He used to say that he was probably the only person who ever had, or who ever would, read them through, and that he thought it his duty to make these two volumes a mere string of quotations and references. His judgment on this great dispute was distinctly against the English, and for the Irish side. This it was which naturally made him a favorite with the modern Irish patriots. They were anything but favorites with him. This is not the place to discuss whether his conclusions were not too much tinged by sentiment. Whether right or wrong, they were most certainly his deep and honest convictions. His small volume of “Poems” (1891) was not notable.

His third period was that of his political and moral essays and his lighter work. The book on “Democracy and Liberty” (1896) seemed intended as a

practical handbook for the budding politician; his "Map of Life" (1899) a summary of his conclusions on practical life. They all show mellow and ripe judgment, but have a certain flavor of old age about them, as if his verve and brilliancy were waning with the failure of his physical health.

As a man he was gentle and unworldly to a fault, lending himself, as he himself said, without any feeling of annoyance, to caricature, and yet never harmed by it in anybody's estimation. He judged politicians whom he thought dishonest severely, as may be seen in his estimate of Gladstone;

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but even to such the goodness of his heart was always open, and he was ready to make allowance for complexity of motives and misleading enthusiasm. No critic could hesitate to declare him one of the kindest and best of men. Whether his extreme gentleness did not detract from his influence is a problem which we need not attempt to solve. Speaking of him as we found him, we cannot but feel that a rare man, and a rare example to other men, has been taken from among us, and that no other is likely to fill his peculiar and noble place in an agitated and selfish generation.

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### THE PANAMA CANAL AGAIN.

When the Colombian Senate in August last, rejected the Panama Canal treaty with the United States, its action was ascribed partly to a patriotic desire to maintain the national territory and sovereignty intact and the national Constitution inviolate, partly to more material reasons. We heard of the inducements offered by American lobbyists, of a desire first to annoy the foreigner, and then to get a higher price out of him for the concession, and of a disposition to keep the President of the Republic from obtaining the control of a large sum of purchase money, which would be distributed among the religious orders and the Government ring. It was hoped at the time that these scruples would be overcome, that the Constitution would be amended, and that the Senate and the Executive would come to terms with the United States. It was predicted, however, that the rejection of the treaty would have disastrous results for Colombia, and the step seems likely to produce a more comprehensive

severance of territory than it was intended to avert. Whether the result has been hastened by American agency, we do not attempt to say; but, in spite of the suspicions which are certain to be expressed on the Continent, there is no reason to impute any intrigue in the matter to the United States Government. When the treaty was rejected the suggestion was made by certain partisans of expansion in the United States that the best course would be to negotiate directly with the State Government of Panama, which was known to be hostile to the Colombian Government, and to have the strongest possible reasons for desiring to see the canal completed. That province, which has often, during the last few years, been in a state of revolution, has forestalled the negotiations by declaring itself independent of the Government at Bogota. The revolution broke out on Tuesday evening; the Colombian ships in the harbor were captured, the town was seized, and a Provisional Government pro-



claimed. The town was ineffectually bombarded by the Colombian Government warship *Bogota*, which was compelled to retire, but a similar rising at Colon, at the Atlantic terminus of the railroad, was unsuccessful. But the chief interests on the Isthmus are American, British, or French, and the first predominate. The United States is supremely interested in the preservation of order, and is bound by a treaty made in 1846 with New Granada, the predecessor of the present Republic of Colombia, to maintain order on the Isthmus, and to keep open the transit service. This means that no contest can be allowed between the Government troops and the insurgents, that no troops can be sent over the railway, and that no more can be allowed to land either at Colon or at Panama. In short, the treaty virtually binds the United States Government to intervene in favor of the Panama secessionists; and so the Colombian commander at Colon accepted the situation on Thursday, and evacuated the town. And, as the State can only be reached by sea from any other part of Colombia, its recovery for the Colombian Government is out of the question.

It is a curious situation, and it was so far foreseen at Washington that the temporary residence of the Colombian troops was only possible, we are told, through the misdelivery of a despatch. Otherwise the United States warship *Nashville* would have arrived there in time to stop their arrival, and to allow the insurgents to control both ends of the line. As it is, warships are now both at Panama and at Colon, with instructions to land marines and prevent any overt act of war. That they have the feeling of the inhabitants with them we cannot doubt. In demanding the canal, the citizens of the State of Panama (it has been argued by a Colombian in the *North American Review* for

August) are really pursuing a short-sighted policy, which will eventually reduce both their chief towns to mere stations on a through line of communication at which there will be few stops. They have at present the handling of traffic at the terminus, and all that the existence of termini implies. In future, ships will pass through the canal hardly stopping even to coal; and with the exception of a small strip on the Pacific side, which grows cacao, all of which has already a market in Chili and in the Pacific States of North America, the country cannot be further developed because of its terrible climate. But they hope for excavation contracts, and for the temporary gains from the population attracted by the canal works; and for this they are prepared to sacrifice their permanent advantages. We are not sure that they are wrong, for the making of the canal by the Nicaragua route would destroy the railway traffic, and it may fairly be expected that Italians or Chinese will find a way, when the canal comes, of developing some of the hill country which it will help to open up. In any case, its immediate advantages are too great to be foregone with patience, and the inhabitants are cursed with a thoroughly bad Government—as bad as the worst of the Clerical Governments which oppressed Mexico before the days of the French occupation, except that it is rather stronger, and its oppression, therefore, more continuous. They have no geographical ties with it; they have separated from it before, and have repeatedly tried to separate again, and they are now provided with a culminating grievance. If the United States, very properly, encouraged Texas in its separation from Mexico, we can hardly blame them for sympathizing with the Panamese effort for separation from Colombia, even though their own interests are concerned now as then. But their sentiment is fore-

stalled by their interest, and their interest by their treaty obligations. The canal works, once renewed, will be kept free from disturbance, and the State of Panama will become a sort of American Egypt.

We do not know that any one, except the Colombian Government and the Pan-German colonial enthusiasts, need complain of this result. The Panama Canal will be open to all nations; it will be neutralized, and it will be a benefit to mankind; and it has been tolerably clear for some time, that the Nicaraguan route was not likely to be reverted to, except to induce the Colombian Government to come to terms. The situation, however, is interesting, as throwing some light on the question of the future of South America. If the United States is drawn into South American politics by her capitalists, as she must be in the near future, she will have to protect their interests by treaty, and to intervene to secure them. Her Government used generally to be supposed averse to such intervention, but the new developments since the war with Spain open up fresh possibilities of Protectorates. The immediate results are not encouraging, but the lessons we have learnt as to

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the control of backward peoples will be apprehended in America in time. No doubt the position of Panama is unique, and the number of regions where American Protectorates are possible is limited to parts of Central America—to Venezuela, Colombia, and possibly Ecuador, and conceivably, at some future date, to parts of Brazil. But since the Monroe doctrine shuts out European intervention—fortunately, on the whole, for future immigrants—and the native Governments of the smaller States are hopelessly unstable, only two methods of developing the backward parts of Spanish America are possible; either by Governments erected by the descendants of recent immigrants from Europe, or by Protectorates of the United States. Argentina and the Southern States of Brazil, though we can hardly call them backward, are likely to prove conspicuous examples of the former tendency; Panama to be the first instance of the latter. Very possibly, however, the unrest reported from other parts of Central America may add other examples sooner than we expect. This may act in various ways to the detriment of the United States. But we cannot but feel that it will be an advantage to mankind.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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The "Book Monthly" of London prints some reminiscences by William Faux, who has just retired from the office of librarian to Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, after fifty years' service. Here is one of his anecdotes:

William Tinsley came to see me in ordinary course. He had a manuscript in his hand, and I asked him what it was. He said he thought it was a

first book, but he had not had time to read it. "Give it to me," I said, "and I'll read it for you." I was taken with the work at once, believed it to betoken a coming master, and sent word to Tinsley that he ought to publish it quickly. He did so, but it fell flat until one of the weeklies gave it a belated review, when it jumped into circulation. The book was Thomas Hardy's "Desperate Remedies."

Maxime Gorky, when asked the other day by his publisher to write his autobiography, did so in the following succinct form:

1878. I became an apprentice to a shoemaker.

1879. I entered a draughtsman's office as apprentice.

1890. Kitchen boy on board a packet boat.

1883. I worked at a baker's.

1884. I became a street porter.

1885. Baker.

1886. Chorister in a travelling opera company.

1887. I sold apples in the streets.

1888. I attempted suicide.

1890. A lawyer's copying clerk.

1891. I made the tour of Russia on foot.

1892. I worked in a railway shop. In the same year I published my first story.

In "The Castle of Twilight" Margaret Horton Potter has written a historical romance quite out of the common, centering the interest, not in the brilliant deeds of the knight who rides forth from the castle, but in the shadowed lives of the seneschales who wait for his return. The scene is Brittany in the fourteenth century, and the heroines are three—the mother, sister and wife to the lord of Crépusele. The feminine occupations of the day are picturesquely described, but emotion, not incident, is the chief factor in the narrative, and the ambition of the mother, the misery of the unloved bride, and the mistaken vocation of the sister are developed with especial feeling. Gloomy as the story is, and is meant to be, it holds the reader's attention. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Piquant as "Penelope," and yet pathetic as the children of "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the most winsome, whole-hearted and lovable of all Kate Douglas Wiggin's heroines. The "odd one" in a large family of narrow

means, she is brought up by a pair of maiden aunts to whom her freaks and fancies are as incomprehensible as to her hard-working mother, and who set about cutting her character to their pattern with far greater energy and precision. The influence of her fresh young nature on theirs makes the central interest of the story, which is diversified by descriptions of neighborhood, school and academy life in Mrs. Wiggin's brightest vein. The book takes high rank among studies of New England girlhood, and will delight readers of all ages. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. George R. Carpenter's life of John Greenleaf Whittier, in the American Men of Letters series, is of necessity hardly more than a sketch, for it falls within three hundred pages of moderate size. This is not space enough for the adequate treatment of a man who, with all his singular simplicity, was also many-sided, and struck many variant notes in his verse. But Mr. Carpenter has preserved a good proportion, and his volume will be convenient for those who find it necessary, in this crowded age, to read compact books or none. If he errs, it is on the side of over restraint, which is not a common error with biographers. One feels the inadequacy of his treatment of Whittier as a religious poet more, perhaps, than at any other point. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One of the most attractive books of the season for young readers is Eva March Tappan's "Robin Hood His Book" in which are collected from old legends and ballads the stories of the prowess of the gallant outlaw and his comrades. They are retold most charmingly, with spirit and humor, in a style which will commend itself to young readers by its limpid simplicity and to older readers by its nice dis-

crimination in the selection of words and incidents. Miss Tappan perceives that the legends which clustered about Robin Hood in English song and story stood for something distinct and vital in English thought and history, and she has so retold the old stories as to make this apparent. There are initial letters and illustrations in the text and six full-page pictures in color by Charlotte Harding. Little, Brown & Co.

The fourth volume of the documentary history of the Philippine Islands—the unique and monumental work in fifty-five volumes, which the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland has undertaken—covers the years 1576-1582. There are royal decrees, and papal bulls, indulgences and appointments among the documents here transcribed and translated; but the larger part of the volume is occupied with the reports which were made to the home government by Francisco de Sande, the governor of the islands, and the accounts given by him and others of expeditions to Borneo, Jolo and Mindanao. These quaint narratives give vivid pictures, with much minuteness of detail, of the conditions which existed in the islands more than three centuries ago, and the problems with which the Spanish administrators had to deal. The history of this remote past throws a curious light on present complications.

"The Warriors" who figure in Anna R. Brown Lindsay's volume which bears that title are not the warriors of romance or of history, but those who in various fields of activity, large or small, are fighting moral and spiritual battles to-day. The author presents a militant type of Christianity, and addresses herself to arousing and sustaining the spiritual ardor of her read-

ers by placing before them high ideals and incentives to noble endeavor. She takes a cheerful and courageous view of modern conditions, and instead of deploring the decadence of the higher forces urges the adaptation of the old truths and the old ideals to the new needs. Whoever reads the book in a sympathetic spirit will find himself insensibly sharing its outlook and kindling with its enthusiasm. The volume is printed in black-letter type with red initials, and is attractive to the eye. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"Punch" gives some specimens, or more strictly speaking, imitations of English publishers' "appreciations" of their own publications, which are curiously like those with which we in this country are familiar. For instance, this:

There is but one feeling in the office of Messrs. Dodder & Thynne, the publishers, at No. 85 Paternoster Alley, and that is one of supreme satisfaction that Mrs. Fusscat's new novel, "Lord Hugh's Hallucination," is so extraordinarily good. Many novels have been issued from this address and have thrown the firm, from principals to packers, into a state of rapture, but never has the emotion been so acute or so genuine as in the present case. Here is genius indeed. It is Maupas-sant writing with the pen of Stevenson.

And this:

Messrs. Boodle & Chump beg to announce that in the opinion of all their travellers, both town and country, "The Chimney-pot," the new novel by Mr. Christie Heath, which they have just issued, is a superb work of art, absorbing to the last degree. How people can bring themselves to read anything else they cannot imagine. The chapters dealing with the shellac industry may possibly be found to contain the solution of the fiscal problem which is at present agitating the mind of the nation.

## EUROPE AT THE PLAY.

O languid audience, met to see  
The last act of the tragedy  
On that terrific stage afar,  
Where burning towns the footlights  
are—  
O listless Europe, day by day  
Callously sitting out the play!

So sat, with loveless count'nance cold,  
Round the arena, Rome of old.  
Pain, and the ebb of life's red tide,  
So, with a calm regard, she eyed,  
Her gorgeous vesture, million-pearled,  
Splashed with the blood of half the  
world.

High was her glory's noon: as yet  
She had not dreamed her sun had set!  
Another's pangs she counted nought;  
Of human hearts she took no thought;  
But God, at nightfall, in her ear  
Thundered His thought exceeding clear.

William Watson.

## THE WISH.

Give me my wish to me, pretty pink  
heather,  
Pride of the barren moor, flower of the  
broom.  
Long days for happy hearts beating to-  
gether—  
All of my love's heart—when he leads  
me home.

Marie Van Vorst.

Fall Mall Magazine.

## AT ASSISI.

## I.

Not thus should he be sepulchred, not  
thus—  
Almsman of God, and spouse of Pov-  
erty—  
Where fane crowns fane, a pillared  
praise on high,  
By masters of renown made glorious!  
So men of old revered him: but to us  
Strange and unmeet it seems that he  
should lie  
Where, day by day, with travel-jaded  
eye  
Crowds turn to gaze, and critic-tongues  
discuss.

For pomp and splendor irked him: a  
bare shrine  
Rude and rock-bedded—the blue dome  
above—  
Sufficed his soul for worship: he did  
love  
To talk with birds and flowers, nor  
seldom trod,  
Far from man's haunt, the cloud-  
cowled Apennine,  
To be alone with God—alone with God.

## II.

To stoop in self-abasement to the  
earth,  
Not to need happiness, to shun no pain,  
In weakness to find strength, in losses  
gain,  
All things in nothingness, and wealth  
in dearth,  
Yea, and by daily death win spirit-  
birth—  
The vision of the Unseen to sight made  
plain—  
Saint of Assisi, though men doubt thee  
sane,  
This was thy wisdom, this thy glori-  
ous worth!  
O Lowliness of Soul, whose inward  
sway  
Is Peace and Resignation, with the  
slow  
Sure backward-ebbing of the waves of  
woe,  
Henceforth and from this hour do  
thou, we pray,  
Sit at the heart's helm, pilot us our  
way,  
As from the known to the unknown we  
go!

James Rhoades.

The Speaker.

## THE DEAD.

Strong are alone the dead.  
They need not bow the head,  
Or reach one hand in ineffectual  
prayer.  
Safe in their iron sleep,  
What wrong shall make them weep,  
What sting of human anguish reach  
them there?  
They are gone safe beyond the strong-  
one's reign,  
Who shall decree against them any  
pain?

John Leicester Warren.



